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PARDON-SEEKERS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

WE print on this page two engravings pertaining to two very different periods in the life of President ANDREW JOHNSON. The first is a picture of the tailor-shop in Greenville, East Tennessee, where as a young man he labored at his trade. One of his comrades, still living, says that JOHNSON could beat him at making a coat, though his spelling was rather below the mark. But the future President mended in the matter of spelling after he married, as we all know, and has rather outstripped his old comrade. Our second illustration represents President JOHNSON in the attitude of pardoning rebels who have returned to their allegiance. Hundreds of these pardon-seekers daily besiege the White House. They crowd into the ante-room and are ushered into the President's presence each in his turn, and if found all right on the record they are pardoned, otherwise not.

THE LATE CAPTAIN MARSHALL.

CAPTAIN CHARLES H. MARSHALL, recently deceased, was a native of this State. He was born in North Easton, Washington County, in 1792, and at the time of his death, which took place at his residence in Fourteenth Street in this city on the 23d ult., was in the seventy-fourth year of his age; and when dying was in the full possession of all his faculties, and surrounded by his children. He died as he had lived, a sincere Christian and a true patriot.

At the age of fifteen, a mere stripling, and in apparent delicate health, weighing then but 96 pounds, he left the family homestead in the Mohawk Valley, with but *fifteen dollars in his pocket*, to seek his fortune on the ocean. He reached Albany, walking there on foot for many miles, and took passage on a sloop to New York, which it took the sloop nearly eight days to reach! Steam motion and railways were then scarcely thought of. Looking about this city, which at that time contained a population of only some thirty or forty thousand, he could find no vessel to gratify his desire for a sailor's life, and went to Nantucket, where the whaling business afforded to the young and daring adventurer an opportunity for the exercise of his talents. We find him at the age of twenty-six in the command of the ship *Julius Cæsar*; then taking a command in the "Old Line" of Liverpool packets, and commanding and building the most splendid ships in that trade.

ISAAC WRIGHT & SON had established the "Old Line" in 1819. THOMPSON & ODDIE succeeded them; and when the "Old Line" had not fulfilled the expectations of those who were interested, GOODHUE & COMPANY, Captain CHARLES H. MARSHALL, and the other owners, bought it out, and placed the agency of it in the hands of the subject of this sketch. How well and how faithfully he discharged his duties is familiar to all interested in that line. To keep pace with all the improvements in navigation, to compete successfully with foreign vessels, and to avail himself of the genius and skill of American ship builders, he secured WILLIAM H. WEBB to construct his ships, and under this great marine architect he successively had built for him the ships *Europe*, *Columbia*, *Manhattan*, *Fidelia*, *Isaac Webb*, *Great Western*, *Montezuma*, and several other packet ships, thereby giving a great impulse to American navigation.

Captain MARSHALL became a member of the Chamber of Commerce many years since, and has been an active and efficient member, rendering substantial aid to the Government.

The Marine Society, of which he was the Presi-

ANDREW JOHNSON'S TAILOR-SHOP IN GREENVILLE, TENNESSEE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. B. REEP.]

PRESIDENT ANDREW JOHNSON PARDONING REBELS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.—[SKETCHED BY MR. STANLEY FOX.]

dent for the last twenty years; the Loyal League Association, of which also he was President; and many members of the Chamber of Commerce and other eminent citizens, attended his funeral in a large body to testify their respect to this eminent citizen. Admiral FARRAGUT; ABIEL A. LOW, Esq., the President of the New York Chamber of Commerce; GEORGE W. BLUNT; WILLIAM H. WEBB, were among the pall-bearers at his funeral, which took place at Doctor HITCHCOCK'S church, on the corner of the Second Avenue and Fourteenth Street. The attendance was large, and among the number we noticed AMBROSE KINGSLAND, HENRY GRINNELL, MOSES H. GRINNELL, ROBERT L. TAYLOR, ADAM P. PENTZ, and many other merchants of New York, who had been thus drawn together to testify their respect for this great commercial representative of the City of New York.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1865.

THE UNITED STATES AND STATE SUFFRAGE.

A CORRESPONDENT asks, "What right has the Government of the United States to interfere with suffrage in a State?"

That is a question for the President to answer. He has interfered in the most absolute and summary manner. Although, according to a theory which has many friends, but which Mr. LINCOLN considered "a pernicious abstraction," the rebel States have never been out of the Union, and are certainly not now in armed resistance to it; yet the President has set aside the Governors elected under their Constitutions, has designated who, and who alone, shall vote, and has imposed certain essential points upon the Constitutions which he, and not the State authorities, has determined shall be reformed.

The principle of this extraordinary action is supported by every loyal man. The President acts not by any express authority whatever, but from the necessity of the case and for the public safety. He justly assumes that as the people of the United States had undoubtedly the right to suppress the rebellion, and utterly disregard the voice of the rebel States in doing it, so they have exactly the same right to secure peace upon conditions which they deem indispensable. If they think that it is dangerous to the public welfare to allow a vast minority of the people of the rebel States to be politically outlawed, they will rightfully refuse to assent to the outlawry, and insist upon a republican form of government.

Either the Government—that is, the people—of the United States is at this present moment in a wrongful position toward the late rebel States, or it is in a rightful position, and is not restrained in its action by any State regulation whatever. If, for its own safety, it may rightfully prevent the voting of those whom the State Constitution admits, it may for the same purpose rightfully allow the voting of those whom the State Constitution excludes.

Those who insist upon supporting the President and who assert that under all circumstances, even the present, the States have the exclusive right of determining the suffrage, forget that the President's course thus far is an absolute overthrow of that right. They profess to support him for doing precisely what he has not done. His action has been the most radical conceivable, for he has assumed to determine, temporarily, who are the State; that is, who are those who shall exercise political power.

And still further, those who insist upon the inviolable sanctity of the State right of determining the suffrage, and yet support the President, forget that he has not agreed that those whom he names as the source of political power in the State shall proceed without his supervision and approval. On the contrary, instead of saying that they shall adopt what Constitution they please, and *ipso facto* it shall be the organic law of the State, he tells them plainly to bring it to Congress. For what purpose? Manifestly that Congress may determine whether the State may reorganize itself as the new Constitution proposes.

But if all State rights are unimpaired, what has Congress to do with the Constitution of a State in the Union? In a year or two New York will revise her Constitution. Will she do it in obedience to orders from the President? Will she submit it to Congress for approval? Of course not. Then, if Mississippi be a State of the Union exactly as New York is, why should Mississippi act under authority of the President and submit her action to the approbation of Congress? For the same reason that an apple is not a pear. For the reason that she is not a State of the Union exactly as New York is. If she were the President's action would lay him liable to impeachment.

All we ask is, that the country shall adhere to the principle of the President's course; which is, that in the unprecedented circumstances of this case, the States lately in rebellion shall reorganize under the authority of the United States, and upon such conditions only as the United States approve. When the conditions have been approved, then, and not before, the late rebel States will be in the Union exactly as the loyal States are. It is possible, of course, that the President may differ with Congress and the country as to the necessary conditions to be required. We should be very sorry at such a difference, and certainly shall not anticipate it. Meanwhile we sincerely approve the principle upon which his administration has interfered with the claim of a State lately in rebellion to determine the question of suffrage in its own way.

ARCTIC NEWS.

WHEN we lately spoke of the tenacity of explorers we had no expectation of so immediate and interesting a confirmation of our words. But a letter is just published by Mr. HENRY GRINNELL, written by the latest Arctic explorer, Mr. C. F. HALL, on the 10th of December, 1864.

Mr. HALL, whose delightful book of last year our readers may remember, is a kind of Arctic WILLIAM PENN. He believes that the true method to learn the fate of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN and his men, as well as to discover the important natural facts of the northern region, is to live among the Esquimaux, to learn their language, to understand their character, and to win their confidence. If any body knows any thing of that vast polar world it is probably those who live there, and who cherish all traditions with the tenacious fondness of a simple and primitive people. The wilderness of ice is to be penetrated and its barriers surmounted, not by huge ships and large companies of inexperienced men, but by patient familiarity with the habits and temper of the inhabitants. Mr. HALL goes in a whale boat, and travels and talks with the natives, with his mind constantly on the alert to turn every rumor and all his observation to the best account. A man of singular simplicity, of earnest enthusiasm, and tranquil devotion to his object, he is probably the most persuasive and attractive envoy that Civilization has ever sent to the Esquimaux.

He now writes that there may yet be three survivors of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN'S expedition, one of them CROZIER, who succeeded FRANKLIN in the command. The last information of the expedition was reported in 1859 by Captain M'CLINTOCK. He found a paper in the handwriting of Captain CROZIER, dated April 25, 1848, stating that Sir JOHN FRANKLIN died on the 11th of June, 1847—that the ships *Erebus* and *Terror* had been deserted three days before the date of the paper, and that the expedition was to start on the 26th of April for Back's Fish River. Pursuing his journey Captain M'CLINTOCK found a boat with two skeletons and various relics of FRANKLIN and his men, including a silver spoon with the crest of Captain CROZIER. Since then nothing has been known until this interesting story of Mr. HALL'S.

He says that an Innuit, cousin of some whom he knows, met four men traveling upon the ice. Three were fat, and one was a skeleton. The fat ones had eaten human flesh, and the skeleton had refused to do so, and was on the verge of starvation. This last was CROZIER. The Innuit fed him carefully and he recovered. The whole party then lived with the Innuits, and, as they had guns and ammunition, they lived comfortably. One of the party died, and at length the other two, with CROZIER and one Innuit, set forth in a southerly direction to reach some means of escape homeward. It was ten years ago, in 1854, that Mr. HALL'S friends had seen the cousin who rescued CROZIER, and at that time he had not heard whether the party had ever returned. But the Innuits do not believe they are dead.

This is Mr. HALL'S story. When he wrote he had but recently arrived, and was at the threshold of his journey, for which he was equipped for two years. It is not impossible, therefore, that the modest and heroic man who embarked in the enterprise with a kind of intense religious zeal, a gentle Arctic crusader, may solve the long-hidden mystery, and reveal the end of the sad romance over which the world has so long wondered.

ALABAMA.

WE hope that our readers faithfully read and ponder the reports of the proceedings of the various conventions in the late rebel States. The country is fast approaching one of the most critical trials it has experienced. The President and Congress will each express their views upon the question of reorganization. Should they agree we shall all rejoice. Should they differ, it is of the utmost importance that public opinion should be so instructed in the facts as to be firm and intelligent in its demands.

If the spirit of the conventions appears to be truly healthy, if they show that they accept all the results of the war honestly and frankly, the difficulties of the situation will be wonderfully relieved. But if their action is seen to have been merely compulsory and reluctant, and it is clear that their feelings and their faith are still hostile to the spirit and letter of the Government, the day of real peace will be grievously postponed. Of course no sensible man expects the conventions to say that the rebellion was a monstrous crime. But honorable men may fairly be expected to act honorably. They will not shirk nor evade. If they think the States sovereign they will say so. And such men will not be surprised that a nation which has just successfully asserted its supreme sovereignty declines to endanger its victory.

The action of the Alabama Convention was more reasonable than was justly anticipated from its first proceedings. It unanimously resolved that the act of secession was wholly unauthorized and is null and void, but, by a vote of 58 to 34, refused to call it unconstitutional. Slavery was abolished with only three dissenting voices out of 92, and provision was ordered to be made by the Legislature for the protection of the colored population. By a vote of 60 to 19 the rebel State and Confederate debts were absolutely repudiated. The Convention resolved that the white population only should be the basis of representation; and, by a vote of 61 to 25, decided to submit the amendments to a popular vote.

Such action is good as far as it goes. But the issues are so important that it must be strictly scrutinized. A State which seven months ago was in open and desperate rebellion against the Union upon certain declared grounds now asks to be admitted to a full and equal share in the legislation of the Union upon the conditions thus stated. Let us look closely at their character.

The Alabama Convention by declaring the act of secession null and void admits that the Convention of 1860 had no authority to pass such an act; but by refusing to condemn it as unconstitutional it adheres to the State right of secession, and does not deny that another Convention might lawfully authorize secession. This was the very ground of the rebellion; and the Convention refuses to relinquish it.

Slavery is abolished and prohibited by the act of the Convention. But unquestionably it acted under a certain consciousness of constraint, and it is perfectly competent for another Convention to re-establish slavery. If the intention were finally to end slavery, why not have removed it from State control by recommending the adoption of the emancipation amendment to the Constitution of the United States? This would have left no room for suspicion or apprehension.

The Alabama Convention also declared all political power to be inherent in the people, and that all free governments are founded in their authority and established for their benefit; and then proceeded to base the Government upon a minority or a small majority of the people, leaving all the rights of the rest in person, property, residence, legal testimony, and marriage, to the absolute will of a class of the citizens.

Thus Alabama, by her Convention, offers to return to her equal power in the Union upon condition that the United States will concede the constitutional right of secession, and the political outlawry of half the population of the State; that half being entirely composed of the people whom no threat nor falsehood could seduce from their unswerving fidelity to the Union during the darkest hour of the war.

Do the gentlemen of the Convention really suppose that the people of the United States, victorious in this tremendous war, will now acknowledge the constitutionality of secession and consent to perpetuate that concentration of political power in a class, which were the mainsprings of the rebellion? Like a shrewd trader Alabama begins with her lowest offer. But she is surely too shrewd to suppose that it will be considered satisfactory.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE South Carolina Convention has also agreed upon its offer and adjourned. As we showed last week, the key-note for its deliberations, struck by the Provisional Governor PERRY, was the DRED SCOTT decision.

The Convention repealed the ordinance of secession by a vote of 105 to 3. It declared by 98 to 8 that as slavery had been abolished by the action of the United States authorities it should never be re-established in the State, and directed a commission to submit a code to the Legislature for the protection of the colored population. It popularized some of the former purely aristocratic provisions of the Constitution; resolved that the white population only should be the basis of representation; and appointed a committee to go to Washington and intercede for JEFFERSON DAVIS, Mr. MAGRATH, and Mr. TRENHOLM. So far as appears it did not repudiate the rebel debt nor provide for a popular ratification of its action.

The South Carolina Convention, by merely repealing the act of secession, neither denies the right of secession nor the authority of the Convention of 1860. It simply declares that it is now expedient to reconsider and reverse a legitimate action. It repeals the ordinance as a legislature repeals a law which it was perfectly competent to pass. It will not, however, be forgotten that the act of nullification in 1833 was "repealed;" but the repeal did not prevent the ordinance of secession in 1860. It was not meant to do so. South Carolina then reserved her right to nullify as she now reserves her right to secede. In the present Convention Mr. HAMMOND, son of the late Senator, offered the opportunity of renouncing the ground upon which the rebellion was justified by proposing a series of resolutions, one of which expressly acknowledged that "sovereignty, a unit, absolute and indivisible, which in all nations must exist somewhere, resides in the American people, and its authorized representative, within the limits of the organic law—the Constitution—is the Federal Government." The resolution went to the committee and did not return.

Like the Alabama Convention, that of South Carolina declared all political power to be inherent in the people, and then based the Government upon a minority of the population. The spirit of the Convention may be inferred from the speeches and Message of Governor PERRY and the remarks made by the leading members, as well as by its authentic acts. Even that part of the population which is declared to be vested with political power is not allowed to pronounce upon the proposed Constitution.

Is this an "acceptance of the results of the war?" Is there any evidence here that South Carolina, formally or informally, verbally or inferentially, renounces the theory which has distracted this country for more than a generation and finally culminated in terrible civil war? Does she take the least pledge not to renew the attempt; and however futile the supposition of a renewal may now seem, is it not for that reason all the more important that at this time all shadow of legal pretense for secession shall be utterly removed? Shall not the people of the United States—and not a certain class in South Carolina—who are now to decide this question, decide plainly and indisputably and forever, that while the right of revolution for hopeless oppression can never be renounced, the right of secession and State sovereignty are fictions too monstrous and perilous to be openly or covertly tolerated for an instant?

It is not an unkind humiliation of those who have been baffled in the most strenuous effort to destroy the Government under the plea of a reserved Constitutional right, to require that they shall at least solemnly renounce that plea before they are admitted to an equal share in the Government. It is not an unwise nor unconstitutional exercise of power to refuse to recognize as republican a political system which puts every political and personal right of a majority of the population at the mercy of a contemptuous minority. It is not ungenerous to insist that the condition of the return of the bitterest enemies of the Union to a voice in its government shall not be the proscription and oppression of its most faithful friends.

Nor is there any question of authority in the case. Either South Carolina as a State of the Union has the right to refuse to make any change whatever in her Constitution, and to claim the recognition of her Senators and Representatives in Congress exactly as those of New York are recognized, or the United States have the right to insist upon such conditions of her return as good sense and experience may suggest. South Carolina, by the assembling and action of her Convention under the authority of the United States, has already yielded her claim. She acknowledges the authority of the United States to dictate the terms of her return. Let the United States not mistake weakness for generosity, nor expect a harvest of palms if they allow dragon's teeth to be sown.

SHALL WE HAVE SPECULATION THIS FALL?

THIS is a question of no little interest, not only to the brokers of Wall Street, but to large numbers of individuals who made fortunes in 1863 and lost them in 1864. Not only in New York, but in every city of the Union, and even in Canada and in London and Paris, men of speculative temperament are inquiring of the Wall Street oracles, Shall we have speculation this fall?

By "speculation" they mean, of course, speculation in railway stocks. There has been all the year a speculation in produce which has carried up prices at Chicago to so high a point that the receipts at tide-water are just one-half those of the same period last year, and the export to Europe merely nominal. And there has been a lively speculation in dry goods, which has made the fortune of manufacturers and helped out the jobber's fall season. There has been a speculation in pork, a speculation in coal, a speculation in butter, a speculation in teas and sugars, a speculation in iron; all of which have been more or less successful. The speculation in dry goods has collapsed, and a sudden and disastrous collapse in the Western corner in breadstuffs seems not improbable. Pork and butter, too, are likely to fall some day more rapidly than will be pleasant to holders. But with all these speculations the public at large have no concern except as injured consumers. When they speak of speculation they mean speculation in stocks, and in railway stocks; for as yet Government securities have not begun to be spe-

ulated in by the community at large. By-and-by, when the $2,500,000,000 of United States stocks and Treasury Notes try to settle down into a permanent resting-place, we shall have fluctuations and speculation in them. But at present "stocks" mean railway securities, and the question is, shall we have speculation in them?

The most common cause of speculation is an increase of money, or what is the same thing, bank discounts. Whenever the Bank of France began to expand VOLTAIRE bought *rentes*, and sold when the bank proposed to contract; always making money. When the United States Government began to issue paper-money, shrewd men bought stocks and did well. Erie rose from 50 to 130, and other stocks in proportion. Market values in both cases rose in proportion to the increase in the volume of the circulating medium or its representative; and the sight of this steady advance in values set every body speculating. The speculative fever, which began here late in 1862, culminated in April 1864, and though prices have fluctuated considerably since then—at one time falling very low, and again rising to high figures, speculation has never since been general.

If we compare the volume of currency afloat now with that which was afloat in April 1864, we shall find that it has increased. Over $125,000,000 of compound-interest legal-tender notes, and over $150,000,000 of national bank currency have been issued in the interval. Of the compound legal tenders, however, a large proportion of the older issues have been withdrawn from circulation, and are hoarded in view of the well-known purpose of the Department to fund them. They can not therefore be said, at the present time, to contribute to the redundancy of the currency. Of new compound-interest legal tenders, which circulate as money, of plain legal tenders, of national bank currency, and of State bank currency, there must be at this moment not less than $935,000,000 afloat. In November, 1862, when the last speculation first began to develop, the total volume of currency afloat was not more than half this amount. In April, 1864, when the speculation culminated, the total volume of currency in circulation was not over $600,000,000.

If, as the Controller of the currency predicts in a recently published letter, Congress should, next winter, authorize an issue of $200,000,000 more national currency for the benefit of the South, this amount would have to be added to the volume already afloat and authorized. In that event, assuming the issues of the currency bureau to be continued at their present rate, we might expect by November 1866 to have in round numbers a thousand million dollars of paper-money afloat, exclusive of compound legal tenders. Nor would this enormous figure fully represent the possible inflation. For the national banks, to live, must lend money; their discounts will be far in excess of their circulation; and for the time being every dollar lent will produce the same effect upon values as if it had been a dollar found or created.

All the points, thus far, are in favor of speculation. There are others which make against it. In the first place, the price of railway stocks is not low. All the sound dividend-paying stocks are already as high as they ought to be, taking the average dividend of the past five years as a criterion for the future. Buying Erie for the rise at 88 is a very different operation from buying it at 50. When it was doubtful whether the currency would not eventually prove good for nothing, a man might put his money in Erie at 125 without being rash; but now that the legal tenders are morally certain to be worth, sooner or later, one hundred per cent. in gold, there is no reason why one should invest in stocks unless they promise a larger return than money will command in good hands in Wall Street.

Again, nothing reliable is known concerning the expenses of the railroads. It is known that two leading railways, the Erie and the Michigan Southern, which showed last year expenses amounting to 75 and 65 per cent. respectively of their gross earnings, developed large floating debts at the close of the year. Are the leading lines spending all they earn at present? Are the expenses swallowing up all the gross receipts? No satisfactory answer has yet been given to these questions, and until the facts are known a certain class of operators, comprising careful capitalists, will not buy railway stocks.

Finally, what is Mr. M'CULLOCH going to do about the currency? He has already begun to fund the interest-bearing legal tenders, offering $50,000,000 of Five-Twenty bonds at 103 in exchange for compound notes—which he proposes to take at their face and interest. It is not supposed, in well-informed quarters, that this operation will disturb the money market, as the compound notes have already been withdrawn from circulation by reason of their superior value to ordinary circulating notes. But suppose it should be proposed to withdraw any portion of the plain legal tenders? Suppose the Secretary should be able to show to Congress that his probable revenue from customs and taxes, with perhaps the aid of a small loan, would suffice for the expenditure of the coming year, and at the same time that a new issue of $200,000,000 of Five-Twenty bonds might be floated at par—the notes received in payment of such loan to be canceled? It is clear enough that the withdrawal of even $100,000,000 of currency would be severely felt in Wall Street, and that stocks of all kinds, railway as well as government, would decline materially.

If it were definitely settled that no contraction of the currency—beyond the funding of the interest-bearing legal tenders—was to be attempted, for a year at all events, and that the expenses of the railways are not eating up their whole income, operators would not despair of seeing a speculation inaugurated even on the basis of present prices. The gross earnings of the roads are marvelous. They will average more than twice the amount realized before the war. And the country is full of people who have "tasted blood," and are eager to speculate once more. Of the great fortunes of 1863 very few remain. Most of them perished in the storm of April 1864. Of the remainder the bulk slowly dribbled away in the inexplicable fluctuations which ensued. But the men who made and lost them are here still, and are as eager as ever to seize the "royal road to fortune."

What has been will be again. It may come now or may be delayed. But when it does come, it will be by far the most astounding development of speculation ever seen in this country, as far exceeding the furore of 1863–4 as that era excelled any previous outburst of stock gambling in the annals of our stock exchange.

PRINCIPLES AND MEN.

THE attempt of some of the Democratic papers in the State of New York to sneer at the services of General BARLOW is as foolish and futile as it would be to deny those of General SLOCUM. Both are young men and have been brave soldiers.

The present difference between them is, that General SLOCUM now chooses to be the representative of a party which has steadily denounced the war and insulted the soldiers; which has been the great bulwark of slavery and State sovereignty, from which the war sprang; which is now desperately opposing the emancipation amendment in New Jersey, which, as a party, demands bad faith of the Government by taxing the national bonds, and whose policy of arming the still dangerous citizens of lately rebel States as militia, General SLOCUM has himself most unanswerably exposed and condemned.

General BARLOW, on the other hand, is the representative of the party which has always adhered to the supremacy of the Union; which has never excused rebellion, nor thwarted the Government in the effort to suppress it, nor declared it triumphant; whose principles have been proved to be essential to the salvation as they are to the welfare of the country, and which is planted fairly and firmly upon the American doctrine of equal rights.

General BARLOW and General SLOCUM are at present the representatives of principles and tendencies. Every Copperhead and unconquered rebel in the country, could they vote in the State election of New York, would vote for General SLOCUM. "Who is General BARLOW?" asks the Albany *Argus*. He is a true soldier of union and liberty, whom every Copperhead instinctively opposes at the polls as every rebel feared him in the field.

"A YANKEE."

THE New York correspondent of the London *Spectator*, a liberal and friendly English journal, has done signal service to the good cause during the war by his temperate and lucid letters. Under the signature of "A Yankee" he has given a view of the situation, with which we could not always agree, but which was the fair expression of a certain class of Americans. The signature seemed to us infelicitous, because the word Yankee, as it was used during the war, really signified the antagonistic spirit to "the South." Now in our politics "the South" means privilege, aristocracy, slavery—in a word, caste; while "Yankee" means equal rights. We have looked in vain through all the pleasant and clever letters of "A Yankee" for any proof of his sympathy with the principle represented by the name he has chosen.

But it is impossible for any American who believes the American doctrine of equal rights with his whole heart and soul—who believes in the Declaration of Independence as ABRAHAM LINCOLN believed in it, and who is wholly sure of the fidelity of the controlling heart and brain of his countrymen to the principle of civil and political equality, to read without amazement and indignation the statement of "A Yankee," in his letter in the *Spectator* of August 26, that Deacon PHILANDER BUTTON at Greenwich, Connecticut, spoke for any considerable body of sensible and intelligent Americans, or the astounding assertion that "the negro at the ballot-box means the negro in Congress, in all public places, in the parlor, at the table, in the marriage bed."

If, as "A Yankee" says, the aversion to the negro is "the great moral force" which must be considered in all projects of restoration, if it is so universal, so insuperable a loathing, why should we have cared whether he were enslaved or not, and how can his admission to the ballot-box possibly smooth his way to the social table or beyond? Is a parent never to allow that another man shall vote until he is willing to accept him as a son-in-law? Because we contend for impartial suffrage, are we therefore to invite every personally distasteful voter to dinner? Mr. BELMONT and Mr. ASTOR assent without effort to the voting of Mackerelville. Do those gentlemen select their society from the same region?

It would be a serious check to the sympathy of humane and liberal men in Europe if they believed the extraordinary statements of "A Yankee" justly to represent public opinion in this country. If they supposed the intelligent mind of the United States did not yet understand that the late war in this country was a struggle between Equal Rights and Caste, they might well believe that a victorious people who have no radical convictions would be easily outwitted of their victory by their opponents who have. That there is a vast and bitter prejudice against colored men in this country, carefully fostered by unclean demagogues for political ends, we freely admit. But that the white people of th United States "loathe" the colored men, or "revolt" at the idea of their voting, we absolutely deny. They mean to have no pariah class; but they will marry and choose their friends as they do now, and will equally protect PHILANDER BUTTON and ROBERT SMALL in the exercise of the same privilege.

A GOOD SIGN.

IT is pleasant to know that steamboat owners and railroad companies having had their day, Grand Juries and Courts are having theirs. DAVID SMITH and TUNIS SMITH, owners of the steamer *Arrow*, which exploded some weeks since, have been indicted for manslaughter. They have been arraigned, have pleaded not guilty, and were admitted to bail in $5000 each.

We hope to hear equally good accounts from the Brooklyn Grand Jury, in the case of the wanton slaughter upon Mr. OLIVER CHARLICK'S Long Island Railroad; and if a Connecticut jury does not indict Mr. HUNT, the superintendent, and Mr. PLUMB, the conductor, and the master engineer, who were directly responsible for the fearful massacre upon the Housatonic Railroad, that steady State will show itself less careful of human life than it did when it passed a law requiring every railroad train to stop before passing a bridge.

When the managers of roads and boats of every degree learn by sharp experience that they will be held criminally responsible, and stockholders discover that disasters and dividends do not go together, there will be some security in travel.

LIKE AND LIKE.

WHEN the rebels were invading Pennsylvania two years ago the rebel press was lustily praying for the success of the Democratic party. It was always an instinct with the spirit of rebellion and treason that it was safe only when the party of "the proud record" was in power. We are not surprised, therefore, to read that Mr. A. P. ALDRICH, the leader of the frank rebels in the present South Carolina Convention, introduced the following resolution at the beginning of the proceedings:

"*Resolved*, That, under the present extraordinary circumstances, it is both wise and politic to accept the condition in which we are placed, to endure patiently the evils which we can not avert or correct, and to await calmly the time and opportunity to effect our deliverance from unconstitutional rule;"

and that he explained it by saying that he thought they ought to be quiet "till we are strong enough, through the aid of the Democratic party of the North, to get a constitutional government."

It surely is not remarkable that an unconquered rebel hopes for the restoration to power of a party which last year declared the rebellion successful.

THE DEFENDERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

THE *South*, a Democratic paper in New Orleans, which has "accepted the situation," says, cheerfully:

"The Democratic leaders are nearly ready to cry, 'Up boys and at 'em!' For years the radical Republicans have been victors—their 'vaulting ambition has o'er-leaped itself,' and defeat is before them, provided all good citizens do their duty.

"VALLANDIGHAM, SEYMOUR, PIERCE, WOOD, LONG, stretch their hands to the people of the Southern States and say, 'Come and help us beat the enemies of the Constitution and the State rights doctrines of the fathers of the Revolution.'"

Why is it that unconquered rebels always appeal for help to the Democratic leaders? Is there any sympathy with treason or palliation of rebellion in the "proud record?"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SOUTHERN CONVENTIONS.

THE South Carolina State Convention was convened in the Baptist Church at Columbia at noon September 13. The Convention consisted of 124 delegates, all of whom, with the exception of five or six, were present. Judge D. L. Wardlaw was elected President. No sooner had a committee been appointed to wait upon the Governor than Mr. Aldrich offered a resolution to the effect that South Carolina, while compelled to accept the situation now forced upon her, awaited her opportunity to throw off restraint. Fortunately for the State not more than four or five supporters could be found for Mr. Aldrich. Even Ex-Governor Pickens reminded Mr. Aldrich that bluster was hardly in their line just now. It being proposed that the rules for the Convention of 1860 be adopted in this one, Mr. James L. Orr pointedly remarked that the less said about the 1860 Convention the better.—On the second day of the Convention Governor Perry's Message was received. This Message advised a thorough remodeling of the State Government, so that all elections for State officers should proceed immediately from the people. The abolition of slavery was insisted on, while negro suffrage was repudiated.—On the third day the Convention repealed the Ordinance of Secession. A committee was appointed to memorialize the President in behalf of Davis, Stephens, Magrath, and Trenholm.—On the fourth day the following resolutions were introduced by Mr. Hammond:

Resolved, That the Union is the first and paramount consideration of the American people.

Resolved, That sovereignty, a unit absolute and indivisible, which, in all nations, must exist somewhere, resides in the American people, and its authorized representative within the limits of the organic law—the Constitution—is the Federal Government.

Resolved, That it is an uncontrovertible fact that slavery has ceased to exist through the exercise of the military power of the Federal Government, and that any attempt by us to revive it would be impolitic, unwise, and not only futile but disastrous.

Resolved, That it is the true policy of the American people to confine the General Government strictly within the limits of the Constitution, and to acknowledge the inalienable right of each State to regulate its own affairs in its own way.

Resolved, That the late war was not one of an oppressed people against tyranny, but arose from an apprehension, on the part of the weaker section, of oppression and tyranny in the future, and was carried on under an honest conviction, coexistent among statesmen in every part of the country, with the adoption of the Constitution itself, that a State had the reserved right to revoke the powers it had delegated to the General Government, whenever, in the judgment of such State, there might be danger that those powers would be used to its disadvantage. The war, therefore, not having been strictly in the nature of rebellion or insurrection, we most respectfully suggest to his Excellency the President, the justice and wisdom of not enforcing the pains and penalties affixed to those crimes by the laws of the United States.

Resolved, That we indorse the acts of President Johnson's administration, and will cordially support its wise and patriotic efforts to restore to the whole country the blessings of peace.

These resolutions were referred to a committee, and were not heard of again.—The sixth day was taken up in debating upon the prohibition of slavery. As on previous occasions, there were a few who wished to disturb the peaceful work of the Convention, but Mr. Orr and others talked pretty plainly in regard to the necessities of the case. After a little skirmish a clause was introduced into the Constitution declaring slavery in South Carolina abolished.—The Convention adjourned September 28, after fifteen days' session, after having, besides the business already detailed, equalized the representation in the Senate and taxation throughout the State, given the election of Governor and Presidential electors to the people, ordered voting in the Legislature by *viva voce*, indorsed the Administration unanimously, and directed a commission to submit a code to the Legislature for the protection of the colored population.—The election for Governor and members of the Legislature will take place on the 18th of October, and James L. Orr is nominated for Governor. It is understood that Governor Perry will be sent to the United States Senate.

The Alabama Convention met on the 12th of September. Hon. Benjamin Fitzpatrick was elected President. On the 16th the ordinance of secession was voted null and void. On the 29th an ordinance was passed establishing the right of admission of negro testimony into courts of justice. The Convention before its adjournment adopted ordinances ordering the election of State officers on the first Monday in November, legalizing the marriages of negroes, authorizing the county commissioners to provide for indigent and helpless negroes, and directing judicial officers to continue as agents of the Freedmen's Bureau.

The North Carolina Convention met, October 2, at Raleigh, and organized by electing Hon. E. G. Reade President and Joseph H. More, of Halifax, Clerk. Over one hundred members were present. Messrs. Cannon & Holden, of the *Standard*, were elected printers.

NEWS ITEMS.

Rev. Dr. Francis Wayland, who was more than 28 years President of Brown University, was prostrated by a paralytic stroke on Tuesday, the 26th ult., and died on the next Saturday afternoon, at 5½ o'clock, aged 69 years.

The venerable William J. Duane died on the 26th ult., in Philadelphia, at the age of 85. He was Secretary of the Treasury under President Jackson, and stubbornly refused to "remove the deposits" of Government money from the United States Bank.

The official statement of the public debt up to the 30th of September last shows a decrease since the last statement of nearly $12,742,000, and of interest over $500,000, and also a reduction of $6,012,000 of the legal-tender notes in circulation. There is a decrease of nearly $12,700,000 of coin, as compared with the August statement, and an increase of $13,454,157 of currency.

The merchants of Chicago are making an effort to present General Sherman with Thomas Nast's celebrated painting, "Sherman's March through Georgia."

Every county but Windham in Connecticut votes against negro suffrage.

W. S. M'Cormick, the inventor of the famous reaping-machine now generally used in the Western prairies, and by which he made an immense fortune, died lately in the Illinois State Lunatic Asylum. He was a native of Virginia, and was one of the most enterprising of the citizens and radical of the Republicans of Chicago.

According to the report of the naval engineers, the *Winooski* and *Algonquin* were about equal as regards economy of fuel, while the working of the former vessel was considered the more satisfactory.

Colonel Wells, Superintendent of the Southern Indians, made an important treaty with the Osage tribe at their council grounds, one hundred miles from Die, September 29. The Osages cede about 1,000,000 acres, for which the Government pays $300,000. About 2,000,000 of acres are also ceded from the north side of their reservation, to be in trust for the Indians.

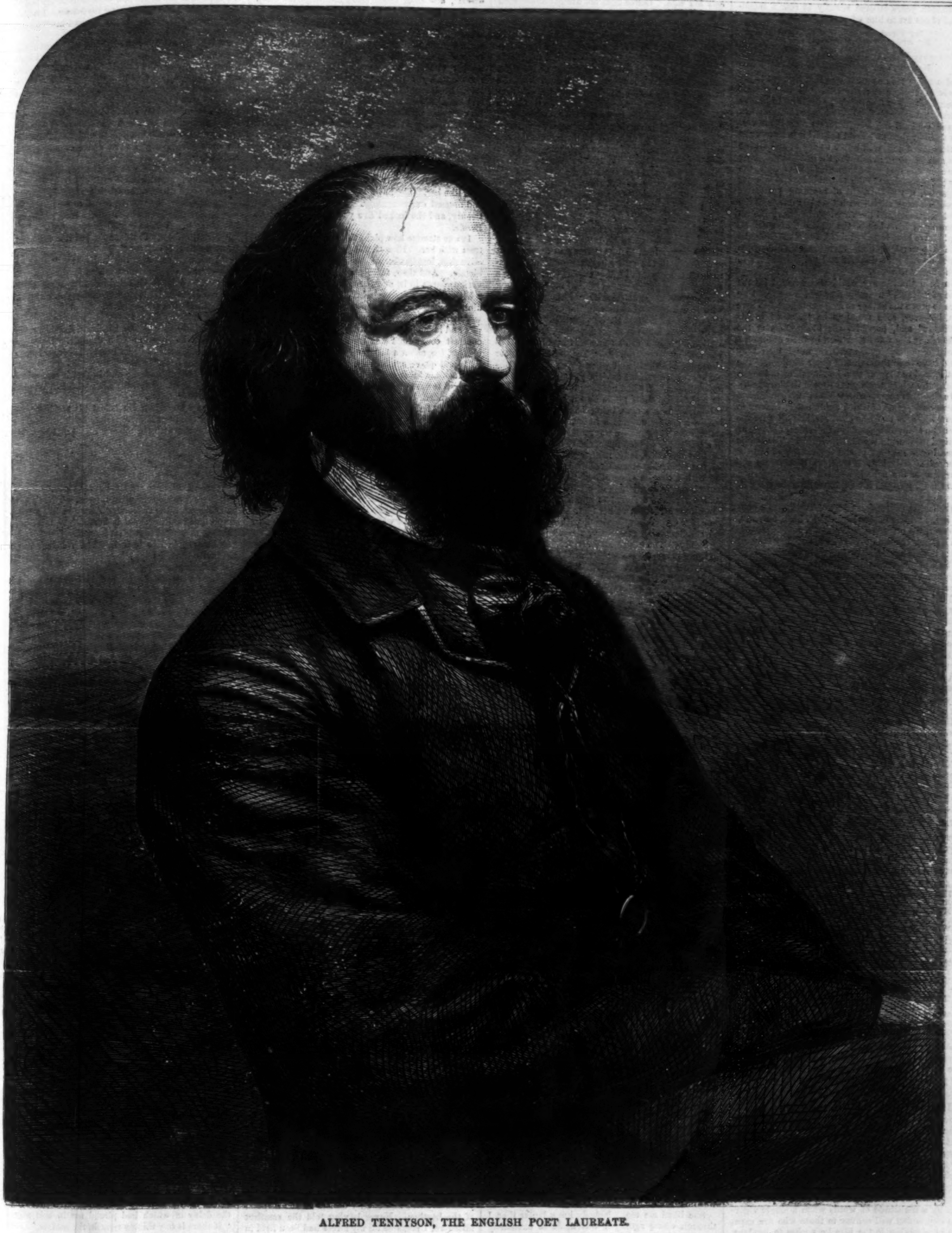
Brevet Brigadier-General Briscoe, in command of the Lynchburg military district, was arrested in Lynchburg, September 29, in the act of attempting to rob the Government of $82,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Fenian agitation has caused a large number of arrests, and the authorities are taking every precaution to prevent the movement from assuming formidable proportions. It is alleged that our Secretary of State has instructed the British Government, plainly asserting the non-existence of any sympathy with Fenianism on the part of our Government. Notwithstanding the arrests made the Fenian organizations continue to threaten disturbance. Members of the society in Liverpool were foolish enough to believe that an armament from this country had arrived in England. The Government has a force of about 26,000 men in Ireland, and there are also 10,000 armed police.

The Earl of Derby has been suffering from a severe attack of the gout.

GUERRILLA FIGHTING IN MEXICO—DEATH OF PUEBLITA, ONE OF THE LIBERAL CHIEFS AT URUOPAN.



ALFRED TENNYSON, THE ENGLISH POET LAUREATE.

TENNYSON.

WE give above a portrait of ALFRED TENNYSON, the English Poet Laureate, from a portrait recently taken by W. JEFFREY of London. He was born about the year 1810 in Lincolnshire, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. While at college, in 1829, he gained the Chancellor's gold medal for the best poem in English verse. In the following year he published his first volume of poetry. The *Edinburgh Review* was somewhat severe upon this volume, complaining of the absence of any thing to indicate the true poetic fire.

The volume published in 1832 showed a marked growth. There are evidences in this volume that TENNYSON had already conceived the design of writing a grand poem on the life of the mystic King Arthur—a design which MILTON had once entertained, but never accomplished. "The Lady of Shalott," the opening poem of the volume, and "Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere," in a volume which followed, appear to be fragments of a first essay in this direction. In the former we see the author's first conception of "Elaine," and we can see how the same subject becomes a different subject as the master's skill improves. Among the earlier poems of TENNYSON those which attracted the greatest attention were the "May Queen," "The Palace of Art," and "The Dream of Fair Women." In the volume published in 1832 "The Miller's Daughter" is said to have so charmed Queen VICTORIA that she gave him the pension which he now enjoys, and to have paved the way for his selection to the Laureateship upon the death of WORDSWORTH.

TENNYSON published his third volume in 1842, and in the opening poem, "Mort d'Arthur," which professed to be the eleventh book of an epic of which the other books had been destroyed as unworthy, we see another phase of the grand poem which he had in contemplation.

"The Gardener's Daughter" is one of the most exquisite idyls in our language—in which the minutest observation of nature in tree and sky and flower, in animal and bird and insect, is worked into a simple story of which the incidents are as old as human life, but the interest is, and ever will be, new.

"The Princess" was given to the world in 1848. In it the questions of woman's intellectual equality with man, and her social position in relation to him, are discussed in a whimsical story, full of sparkling gems of poetry, and interspersed with beautiful songs. The conclusion is admirably set forth in the following lines:

For woman is not undevelopt man,
But diverse; could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain: his dearest bond is this
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each, and reverencing each;
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other ev'n as those who love.
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men:
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste, and calm:
Then springs the crowning race of human kind.

But a shadow had fallen on our poet's life. In 1833, immediately after the publication of TENNYSON's second volume, died ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM, the friend that was unto him as his own soul. And then he set himself to work, and through the lapse

of sixteen years labored silently to rear a monument of his art to him whom he calls—

> My friend, the brother of my love:
> My Arthur, whom I shall not see
> Till all my widow'd race be run;
> Dear as the mother to the son,
> More than my brothers are to me.

And a noble monument it was that he gave to the world in 1849, under the title "In Memoriam." The poignancy of first grief, the inability to believe it true that one who had lately filled so large a space in our outward life is withdrawn from it forever, the thought that we should not feel it to be strange if that loved one stood before us again, and all the loss and sorrow were a dream, the gradual softening down of this first grief through lapse of time, the getting accustomed to the vacant place and missing counselor, the sad delight of recalling particular scenes we have visited with that lost one, and the word he uttered, and the very look he gave; the recounting of his virtues, the thought of what he would have been if he had lived, and what *we* ought to be to be worthy of him—there are few of us whose hearts do not give distinct and painful answer to such touches as these.

In 1855 the literary world was amazed by the issue of "Maud," a production which was said by some to prove the author as mad as his hero. There was, however, soon found to be "method in his madness;" and, possibly, the hideousness of the vices of our age was better seen in their effect on a sensitive, perhaps over-sensitive, mind than they could have been through any other medium. The poet looked to the war then just breaking out as the scourge by which these vices should be corrected.

In the same volume with "Maud" were published other poems, some of which exhibited Tennyson in a new light, as one who observes, and fixes for the attention of future ages, some individual passage of marked moment in the history of this. The public funeral of Wellington and the charge of the six hundred at Balaclava are events that stamp the character of the nation, and leave an impression that should not perish on those who were the witnesses of them.

Probably the grandest effort of Tennyson's genius is the "Idyls of the King," of which there are, however, the most various opinions.

The book contains four stories, but they may all be considered as one, all setting forth the portrait of "The King." Arthur is only mentioned incidentally throughout them all, but in such sort as to leave upon the mind a vivid conception of his character and the purpose of his life. That character is perfect, that purpose the noblest. We have not space to make the extracts, and set them down in connection to prove what we assert; but we think none who take the pains to do so will dissent from us until they come, it may be, to his parting with Guinevere, in which some have found evidence of pride and self-righteousness which would, if they existed, destroy the picture of the perfect man. But do they exist? We think only in the imperfect reading of the complainants. Certain it is they did not strike the Queen herself, for, after the sharpest words of all his rebuke,

> Better the King's waste hearth and aching heart
> Than thou reseated in thy place of light—
> The mockery of my people and their bane.
>
> He paused, and in the pause she crept an inch
> Nearer, and laid her hands about his feet.

And of that other passage on which the charge of self-righteousness is founded,

> Lo! I forgive thee, as Eternal God forgives!

The words are said in *anguish*, not in pride, and conveyed, as they were meant, to the Queen the assurance that his pardon was free, large, absolute as that of God himself. Hear her impression of them:

> And he forgave me, and I could not speak.
> His mercy choked me. . . . .
> And blessed be the King who hath forgiven
> My wickedness to him! . . . .
> . . . . Ah! great and gentle Lord,
> Who wast as is the conscience of a saint
> Among his warring senses to thy knights;
> To whom my false, voluptuous pride
> Would not look up, or half despised the height
> To which I would not, or I could not, climb.
> I thought I could not breathe in that fine air—
> That pure severity of perfect light. . . . .
> . . . . Now I see thee what thou art.
> Thou art the highest, and most human, too!
> . . . . Is there none
> Will tell the King I love him, though so late?
> Myself must tell him in that purer life,
> But now it were too daring.

Nothing need be added to this to show that, however we may read, the author never meant to leave the blot of pride or self-righteousness on him whom he portrays as

> Selfless man and stainless gentleman.

It must be confessed that, with all his excellences, our Poet Laureate is not what is called "popular." His songs are many of them set to music and are sung by thousands, who will tell you that they like the music but not the words, because they do not understand them. How should they, who look only for a pretty conceit or a surface meaning? Tennyson never writes but with an earnest depth of purpose, which will not suffer him to explain himself by a multitude of words when a single vigorous expression will convey to those who are capable of receiving it the idea he wishes to implant. Often a description that would occupy whole lines of a meaner master of the art of words is given in a single adjective. And herein also does our age owe him deep thanks that he has done so much to preserve and transmit our noble English language in its purity to later times.

THE PACHA'S DAUGHTER.

Some of the stories of Mohammed Ali's family are worthy of the grimmest personages in the Thousand and One Nights, and about as valuable in an historical point of view. The Pacha's daughter, the Princess Naslè-Hanen, was a second Marguerite de Bourgogne. She was married to a Turkish commissioner, a monster of cruelty. One day Mohammed Ali hinted to his daughter that he never felt quite at ease with her husband. That evening the Bey's coffee was presented to him by the Princess his wife. Coffee does not always agree with the relatives of Eastern potentates; and Naslè-Hanen sought to solace her widowhood by a systematic course of intrigues. Her emissaries frequented the cafés. When a candidate for introduction had been found, he was desired to present himself at a certain gate of the palace at a certain hour. There he was received by a eunuch of the harem; his eyes were bandaged, and he was conducted to the presence. For a week Naslè-Hanen was the most amiable hostess. On the eighth day, "My husband is coming home," she would say; "we must part; but when he is again absent, I shall take care that you return." The visitor's eyes were again bandaged. When the Princess was residing at her palace on the Nile, he was conducted to a door opening on the river, and sped forward with a gentle push. At another of the royal seats the Khalig canal took the place of the Nile. At the palace in the Moskee the same useful office was performed by a cistern. These frequent disappearances at last began to be talked of; and a young Italian determined to break the spell. He went assiduously to the café where the ominous invitations were known to be dispensed. One evening a eunuch of the harem seated himself near the young stranger and began to smoke. "I know a fair lady who is not indifferent to you," he began, "and if you wish I can manage the introduction." "I shall be delighted, if she is so good-looking," replied the Italian; "only I can't come this evening. Will you take me to-morrow?" "Yes. Be at this door about seven o'clock, and when I pass follow without speaking." Next day the young man kept his appointment. He had not long to wait; and when he had followed his guide into a lonely street he submitted to his eyes being bandaged. After a long walk they entered a house, and ascended a staircase. The bandage was removed from his eyes in a brilliantly-lighted room, richly furnished in the Eastern style. A lady, neither young nor beautiful, but admirably dressed, reclined on a divan, playing with a chaplet of coral and diamonds; a slave fanned her with a bunch of ostrich plumes. The Italian received a signal to approach, and to seat himself on a cushion at her feet. The lady's conversation was enchanting, and, with a hostess who did the honors so graciously, a week passed most agreeably. The eighth day arrived. "We must part, my beloved," she said; "my husband is about to return; we should be lost." "Madame," replied her guest, "I trust that your husband has no intention of returning, inasmuch as you are the Princess Naslè-Hanen, and have been a widow for some years." The lady made a slight negative gesture. "Believe me, Madame," he continued, "I know who you are, and I know also the fate that awaited me if I had not taken my precautions. Your domestics would conduct me to a small door opening on the Nile and assist me with a slight push." "And pray, Monsieur, what precautions have you taken?" "*Mon Dieu*, Madame, they are very simple. Instead of following your emissary at once I arranged to come the next day. Meanwhile I had an interview with my Consul. When your retainer came to seek me, two steps from us was a person from the Consulat. He followed us; he therefore knows that I am here. My Consul is accordingly forewarned; if to-day he does not see me again, he will know that I have suffered the doom of your lovers. He will address himself to His Highness the Viceroy; you perceive the scandal that must ensue. Rumor suspects you of numerous crimes. Suspicion will then give place to certainty." The Princess was thunder-struck. Recovering a little, she implored him to be discreet. The Italian took his leave, and arrived without accident in the street, where he found a *cavàs* from the Consulat awaiting him, and already uneasy. It is needless to say that he scrupulously disregarded the parting request of his amiable hostess.

BESSIE BEAGLE AND MR. WINDER'S WATCH.

Thirty years ago I was in the midst of my first grand passion. Its object Bessie Beagle, with whose aunt, old Mrs. Beagle, I then boarded. She was no beauty, but a trim, tidy dumpling of a girl, with soft brown eyes and an olive skin, and a way of wearing her plain dresses which made them prettier than other girl's finery. I had been there six months, and we had grown very intimate. She had not much time, poor child, to spare from household duties, for Mrs. Beagle kept her at work all day and sometimes half the evening, but I contrived to see a good deal of her notwithstanding. Sometimes I sat opposite her, watching her plump fingers as she knitted some womanly trifle in Berlin wool or cotton, and sometimes I contrived to take a moonlight walk with her. At such times, I confess, I had held her hand or stolen my arm about her waist, and on two or three occasions I had kissed her. She knew how well I liked her, and I knew she knew it; though, save a few sentimental nothings, I had never said much to her, and there was no absolute engagement between us.

She liked me too. Nobody knew better than I through whose agency I was made so extremely comfortable.

No matter how late Winder & Co. kept me at the office dinner was always warm for me, and the pudding never quite gone. In fact I had a lion's share of goodies, and a double allowance of clean towels.

I was just nineteen. My salary exactly paid my board; but I had besides a quarterly allowance of five-and-twenty dollars wherewith to clothe myself, and now and then contrived to purchase tickets for some play or concert, whither I escorted Bessie. She enjoyed such things so! In fact she enjoyed life thoroughly, and I used to think would make any man's life happy who should win her. Such a rosy, cozy, orderly little housewife of eighteen was never seen. Janson Gloak, who sat next me at table, and who was at that time studying medicine, was as much in love as I was, and hated me desperately; but I laughed at him, for *he* came in late to cold vegetables and small allowance of dessert, and rang twice some mornings for clean towels. Bridget and old Mrs. Beagle attended to his interests, not Bessie. Good little Bessie who, when I had an influenza, made me hot lemonade, and when I had a headache left a camphor bottle on my table where I found it at night—who was a sort of mother to me, young as she was, for those first six months. I thought myself unchangeably in love with her until the day when, with bandboxes and bundles, and shopping-bags and trunks, a cab brought to our door a new boarder—Miss Selina Maydew—who, in the temporary absence of her parents, was intrusted to the care of Mrs. Beagle. She was a blonde, with the most glorious color in the world. A few years ago I saw a picture by Louis Lang, I believe, christened "Day," which put me in mind of her. Living woman I never saw just like her. She had a stylish, dashing manner, and dressed extravagantly. I think she was past twenty, and she looked five years older than little Bessie.

It was strange how plain the latter grew by contrast with her. How the little round face, with its olive skin, lost its charms beside that of the brilliant blonde. And then, too, Bessie's brown merino had various darns in it, and though trim and neat, was a little dulled by age; while Miss Selina came to dinner every day in some new thing. Now she wore white, now pink, now blue, even trying purples and lavenders, without losing a charm; for no contrast could hurt her complexion. She could chatter, too, about a thousand things, and sing with trills and quavers which Bessie knew nothing of. She took me by storm, and I only knew that I had changed toward Bessie when I saw her looking hurt and offended, behind the green pease, one day at dinner. At first I felt conscience-stricken, but in a little while I plucked up spirit. No man had been, so to speak, *Harrised* for changing his mind at that date, and I believed that I had a right to change mine. Bessie was well enough in her way—a sweet little darling, but Miss Selina was a being of another stamp. It was not my fault that I adored her. I couldn't help it. Bessie had no business to look so glum. I had not pledged myself to her. Conscience brought before me sundry tender glances and whispers, thoughts more tender still, but I turned my back upon them.

What had been was not; I had admired Bessie, but then I had not seen Selina. Therefore I leaned toward her, and asked her if I should pass the butter, in a manner which must have betrayed my devotion. When I turned my head again Bessie was conversing with Janson Gloak. I was content; I did not desire to break the child's heart.

After that I devoted myself to Selina, who condescended to flirt with me, and allowed me such trifling favors as the turning of her music when she played, or the putting on of her shawl—who did not utterly refuse melting glances, and was always willing to eat ice-cream in my company, and quite forgot Bessie. She was, so said Miss Maydew, quite a commonplace little soul, whose sphere was in the kitchen. I wondered at myself for my former infatuation. Spring glided into summer, summer faded into autumn, and winter came, bringing with it its peculiar gayeties, and by that time I hardly ever met Bessie except at table. Although still, on my late nights, somebody kept my dinner warm and saved me a slab of pudding, and once, when I had a cold, Biddy brought hot lemonade to my room with "Mrs. Beagle's compliments." Mrs. Beagle, bah! I knew Bessie sent it.

I remember the lemonade, because it helped to cure a cold I particularly wished to get rid of in order to take Selina Maydew out sleighing. I had come to a desperate resolve. My quarter's money was due the following day, and, come what might, I should fling it at the feet of my goddess in the form of a sleigh-ride. My stockings were growing airy, and I needed boots. I must do without these and a dozen other comforts for the next three months in consequence, but what of that? Expensive though it might be, I could not forego the pleasure of a sleigh-ride with Selina Maydew. Oh bliss! to have her nestled beside me, the same robe over our knees, to have people whom we passed (for at nineteen who is not the observed of all observers?) see me with the handsomest and best-dressed girl in New York at my side. It was worth going barefoot for if need be.

Consequently, defying consequences, I mentally invested my quarter's allowance to the last cent, and asked Miss Maydew, carelessly, as though sleigh-rides were everyday affairs with me, for the honor of her company. She accepted the invitation promptly, adding that she adored sleigh-rides; and I went to the seventh heaven of adoring swains at once.

I was too happy to rest all night; besides, a remembrance of the strict account demanded by grandfather of my expenditures set me to thinking. I fear I was divided between the merits of a woeful tale of robbery and an account of myself as having been so carried away by the discourse of the latest returned missionary, that in a moment of zeal I had placed my five-and-twenty dollars at the disposal of the heathen. Never having told the smallest fib before, I presume all my forces had been held in reserve to make this one a "whopper."

Alas! the next day dawned upon the beginning of my troubles; for the first time my grandfather's bulky, red sealed missive did not arrive punctually at ten o'clock on the first of the month.

Indeed, the three regular visits of the postman were paid without bringing a letter for my name. I grew restless after the first, anxious after the second, despairing after the third. I had not a cent in the world: I knew no one who would loan me money.

If by untoward chance my grandfather's remittance did not reach me I was disgraced forever; for had not the livery-stable man informed me that "Young gents nowadays is such cheats" that his terms were "Cash down at starting?"

I had a bitter disappointment at noon, when a small boy brought me a letter, which turned out to be a circular inviting my attention to "the best assortment of boots in the city;" and at night only the hope that my letter had been sent to my boarding-house kept me from losing my senses. I rushed home pell-mell. Alas! Biddy assured me "no letther hadn't come."

As I conversed upon the subject with that handmaiden, Thompson, the practical joker of our establishment, came in, and called to me—"Letter: bless me, Pitcairn, a letter came by express for you five minutes after you left. Run back and get it before the old woman shuts up!"

At any other time I should have known I was being victimized to Thompson's sense of humor; but I was too much excited to understand that at the moment. Away I went again to find that I had been sold.

Only the janitress was in the sanctum of the heads of the firm, whirling clouds of dust about with a broom; and when, after a fruitless search, I turned to depart again, the woman called to me:

"Mr. Pitcairn, come back—do. Here's some one left a watch. Whose is it?"

"Mr. Winder's," I said, as she put it in my hand, "and a valuable one too."

"I thought so," said the janitress. "Bless ye, it's well that old gentleman's head is glued on. If 'twarn't, he'd leave that behind him some night. Sich carelessness! Now, how lucky you was here! I might ha' been suspected."

"Oh no," said I.

"You knows it's oh yes, Sir," said the old woman. "I should ha' been all of a tremble. Do'ee now take it along with you, and leave it at Mr. Winder's; you pass his door."

I could hardly refuse; and in fact it seemed my duty to comply. I left the office with Mr. Winder's watch in my pocket.

It was dark when I reached his residence, and found in the area a disconsolate Irish girl looking over the rails with the air of a caged monkey.

"Mr. Winder at home?" said I.

"He isn't."

"Mrs. Winder?"

"No."

"Then I'd like to see the housekeeper."

"She's away—gone with missus. There's been an accident on the railroad, an' they've had a tallygraph that Masther Paul is hurt. The three have gone on to wherever it is an hour ago."

"I'm shocked to hear it. Mr. Winder's son is not badly hurt, I hope?"

"I don't know."

There was plainly no one to leave the watch with. This girl had by no means an honest countenance.

I walked away with Mr. Winder's watch still in my pocket, and paced the streets until the pangs of hunger superseded all others, when I went home.

The ministering household spirit had kept dinner warm for me, but I could not eat much. What I should do on the morrow was a question I could not answer. Shame, disgrace, contempt were before me, and when Selina with her sweetest smile whispered, "We shall have a lovely day for our ride!" I felt as though my senses were leaving me. Oh, cruel grandfather! to delay the allowance on this day of all others—to what a pass had he brought me! I could not rest. I pleaded an engagement, and went out into the streets. The weather was intensely cold, but I did not feel it. I paced the flags, meditating on my position, until, in a narrow street, I trod on the draggling skirt of one of two wretched women just before me. She was a ragged creature and smelled of rum, and over her arm she held a pair of trowsers and a little frock. After abusing me for my mishap, she turned into a shop hard by and left me.

It was a pawnbroker's. She was going there, no doubt, to pawn those garments. I think the arch-fiend must have led me down that street. Perhaps I had seen him disguised in the shape of that tipsy woman. A desperate thought took possession of me—a thought I battled with in vain.

My quarterly allowance would surely come to-morrow. I should have the money to redeem it, why not pawn Mr. Winder's watch? Who would know it? I should have it safe again in twenty-four hours.

"Never," I said to myself in reply, "never;" and looked up at the golden balls again. Then I pictured myself in my great mortification on the morrow, and covered my face with both hands. Endure this for a mere whim, what folly! The watch would be safer at the pawnbroker's than in my pocket overnight. I would do it. There was no harm. No one would ever guess what I had done; and there was nothing dishonest in either thought or act. I took a step toward the shop, paused, took another, pushed against the door, and found myself in the presence of a gentleman with a hooked nose. What passed between us I need not record; enough that ten minutes after I emerged into the cold outer air, trembling and burning with agitation, with a pawn ticket and five-and-twenty dollars in my pocket, while Mr. Winder's watch remained behind. Only until the morrow, the happy morrow, when I should glide over the snow with Selina Maydew at my side and receive that letter, the delay of which had placed me in this plight. "If there is any thing wrong in the matter," I said, as I wiped my streaming brow, "it is grandfather's fault, not mine."

The morning arose bright and clear, the snow glittered in the frosty air, at ten the sleigh was at the door, and Selina, cloaked and bonneted, ready to accompany me. I helped her in, and away we flew. It was glorious! My happiness was for a few hours unclouded. I forgot past troubles and fears for the future in her sweet smile.

About three o'clock we stopped to lunch: Selina, as usual, did justice to the eatables. I was not like Byron. I enjoyed seeing a woman eat, and my romance did not vanish. What a glorious thing it would be, I thought, to have that face opposite me at table all the days of my life! Perhaps I should have said so, but that there was at that identical moment an interruption.

The waiter entered with some additional delicacy, and, setting it down, paused.

"Miss Maydew, mum?" he said.

"Yes," I replied, looking fierce, what right had he to know her name?

"A gentleman desires to know if he can come in?" he said; and he laid a card on the table.

"Cousin Charlie, I declare!" cried Miss Maydew. "Oh, of course."

A relative of hers. I prepared my blandest smiles, and in an instant a gentleman bounced into the apartment. He was older than I—perhaps twenty-three. He wore a slight mustache and smelled of musk. Such gloves, such boots, such a tailor's fashion-plate of a fit to his coat. I hated him at once. All the more that he took both Selina's hands in his and squeezed them, and returned my courteous bow with a nod, short and supercilious.

"To think of seeing *you!*" said Selina.

"Yas," drawled the cousin. "Vewy sing'lar. Fact is, I came on last night, went to old Beagle's this morning, heard you'd come here, and took a sleigh and came after you."

"You good, good child!" said Miss Selina. "Oh, I forgot! Mr. Pitcairn, Mr. Charles Donnybrook."

We shook hands, with hate in our eyes.

"Sit up and take a bite," said Selina. "Waiter, a clean plate and glass—and another pâte, and another bottle of Champagne. She gave the orders with an air, but I was content. She was acting the hostess at my board *pro tem.*

Cousin Charles did "sit up." Also, good appetites must have run in the family. He did not condescend to talk to me, but he conversed with her, after the fashion many people have, on topics in which I could not take part, because I knew neither the scenes nor actors in them.

I glumly stared at the cloth, drank more wine than was good for me, and thought of pistols and bowie-knives. But the worst had not come. When we had lunched Selina started up. "We'll have just time to get home before dark," she said. "Charlie, help me with this cloak;" and, as he did so, there ensued a whispered confabulation. I suppose she had some shame left in her, for she spoke these words with a blush as she turned toward me:

"Mr. Pitcairn, don't be angry with me if I go home in Charlie's sleigh. I haven't seen him for a year, you know; and I came with you."

Astounding stab; but I received it without showing my bleeding wounds to that puppy.

"Act as you please, Miss Maydew," I said—and she did.

Ten minutes after I paid my bill, and saw from the open door Cousin Charlie's splendid turn-out skimming over the snow, with Selina under the crimson-lined robe at his side.

I drove home, or rather to the stables, whence I walked to my boarding-house. There Biddy met me.

"The letther ye was so anxious about come this arternoon," she said, and produced it, smelling of smoke, from her apron pocket. I took it joyfully, for Mr. Winder's watch began to lie heavy on my conscience, and went with it to my room. It was grandfather's handwriting—his red seal also; but why was it lighter than usual? Alas! I soon knew. Tearing it open I read as follows:

"Applehill, *Dec.*

"Dear Grandson,—This comes hoping you are in the enjoyment of good health. Go to church regularly, and avoid late hours. We are both well, but laboring under some heavy dispensations. Our best cow is dead; and last week the kitchen chimney fell, breaking the roof, and filling the well with rubbish. It is a mercy no one was injured. As it will cost a great deal to have repairs done, and you can scarcely need clothes—you have spent so much on your wardrobe—I, with regret, omit your quarterly allowance. However, next quarter I will send you thirty dollars at once to make amends. Write soon. Your grandma sends her love.

"Yours, affectionately, Simon Pitcairn."

A great black gulf of despair and shame opened at my feet. I had not a cent in the world, consequently—miserable victim of circumstances that I was—I had stolen and pawned Mr. Winder's watch. What should I do—whither should I fly? Should I commit suicide, or go into a cave and live in solitary misery, beating my breast, scattering ashes on my head, and crying "*culpa mea?*" Alas! even were a cave at hand Metropolitan police would ferret me out and consign me to the Tombs.

And good old grandma's heart would break, and grandfather would disown me, and my little world would look on me with scorn.

I was only nineteen, and I am not ashamed to own that I cried as a girl might when I thought of these things. At this juncture the bell rang, and I washed my face and went to dinner, for I had a fancy that any unusual conduct would bring premature detection upon my head. Selina was not there, and Mrs. Beagle informed us why.

"She's gone off somewhere with her sweet-heart," she said; "and a pretty couple they are! So glad to meet after such a long separation. Why, it's a year since they saw each other, and it's a long engagement—ever since she was fifteen. Ain't it romantic, Mr. Pitcairn?"

Romantic! Ah! I had another name for it—I, whom that girl had ruined.

I moped in the parlor a while. Then, as in any great trouble, a great gust of agony swept over me. If you have ever noted the fact, or will note it, you will know that mental or physical anguish always must come in regular pangs with so much time, more or less, between them. I wanted to stamp and rave. I could not endure my misery and what would surely come to me. I started from my seat, and went up to Thompson's room.

"Thompson," I said, "lend me your pistols."

"What for?" said Thompson.

"To shoot cats. I can't sleep for them," I said.

And Thompson, with a joke about committing suicide, handed me his weapons.

Then I went up into my room, and wrote a long letter explaining what had happened, and inclosing the pawn-ticket; prayed all good and merciful Christians to believe me; directed the note to "Those who shall find my body;" and, taking my pistols, went down on the back porch, where no one ever came. There I intended to end my miserable life.

No need of great haste, the night was all before me. I uttered a prayer. I thought of the kind, pious old people at home. I wondered if dear little Bessie would be sorry for me; if Mr. Winder and the others at the office would believe me. I wondered what heaven was like, and whether I should get there, and I listened to the church clock striking ten. I would give myself one hour of life; at eleven I would blow my brains out. I was awfully in earnest. Half the people who commit suicide do it, I fancy, with a hope of being stopped and restored to life in the very act. I did not. I would not live that hour over again for all the world could give. Eleven came at last. As the strokes died into silence I lifted the pistol to my ear, and said, solemnly, "Heaven have mercy on my sinful soul!" Then I should have fired, but a hand came on my shoulder and another grasped my wrist.

Thompson had pounced upon me, other fellow-boarders were there, and Mrs. Beagle with them.

"No suicide, old fellow!" said Thompson, pocketing his weapons. "She ain't worth it."

"Good fish in the sea as ever were caught," said Mrs. Beagle. "Cheer up, Mr. Pitcairn; do now!"

"Though heart-troubles *are* hard to bear," sighed Janson Gloak. "But I'd bleed myself to death were I you."

I struggled with them. I hated them for saving me. I hated them more for thinking I was about to kill myself for love of Selina Maydew.

I remember trying to jump over the balcony and nothing more, until one morning I opened my eyes in bed in a darkened room with ice-water on my temples, and knew I had been ill.

I cast a glance about me. A dumpling of a figure, in a brown dress and white collar, swayed to and fro in a rocking-chair. I knew the shape and the braids of black hair. It was Bessie. I called her, and she came to me.

"Know me now?" she asked, as she might a baby. "Of course, Miss Bessie, why not?"

"You haven't known any one for a week."

"Ah! I wish I had died and never known any one."

"Nonsense."

"Bessie, you will know it is not nonsense soon. You don't guess what is before me."

"Oh, to get well and return to the office!"

"Never!"

She put her lips to my ear and whispered, "It's all right about the watch, Mr. Winder has it. Nobody knows any thing about where it was for twenty-four hours but me. You're safe. I couldn't let —aunt's house—be disgraced, so I—arranged matters."

"Oh, Bessie, how—what?"

"Hush, you'll be ill again. I found your note. I read it while they took care of you. (I never told them what I read.) I took the watch out of pawn. I had twenty-seven dollars laid by for a new silk, and didn't mind lending it for the sake of—of aunt's house, you know. It's always been respectable."

I caught her hand and would have kissed it, but she took it away.

"God bless you," I said, "you've saved me!"

She tossed her head and put up her lip.

"'Twas for our own sakes," she said. "Such a thing might do us harm, you know. Now keep quiet."

She left me, and I sank asleep praying for her.

After that I grew well rapidly, and went to my office again in a fortnight. Mr. Winder thanked me for the care I had taken of his valuable watch, and asked me "who the pretty little creature who brought it was? a sister—a cousin—or—ahem—a sweet-heart, now, Mr. Pitcairn?"

And I only blushed like a girl, and wished I could have answered "Yes" to that.

But, alas! she was very cool and proud with me —never sat beside or talked to me. All her familiarity was gone—just when I loved her so. It was hard to bear. For words can not tell how fond I had grown of her. At last the quarter came around, and I was able to discharge my debt to her.

I did it quite humbly and sadly, and she received the envelope with a little nod and "always pleased to oblige a boarder."

"You must despise me very much," I said.

"Oh no; young men are often very silly. I know you never intended to *steal* the watch." All spoken in such an icy tone, without a look at me.

I sat sadly looking at her. Now I had lost her I valued her. How beautiful her eyes were—so much deeper and clearer and more womanly than Miss Maydew's! Just then they turned toward me —a little malice in them.

"Perhaps you know Miss Maydew is to be married to-day," she said, "to her cousin, Mr. Donnybrook?"

"Indeed!" said I.

"I'm sorry to tell you ill news," said she.

"Ill news! You astonish me."

"Ah! well, we all thought you admired her, you know. Aunt told me to break it gently."

"Miss Maydew is a silly, heartless doll-baby," I said. "She *is* handsome, but I see no other charm in her."

"Fie!" said Bessie, "to speak so of the girl." But she looked more kindly at me.

"And even her beauty is not worth much," said I. "Give *me* an olive skin and brown eyes, and I never care to see a blonde."

Then she smiled outright.

"We all know fair girls are prettiest," she said.

I arose and sat beside her on the sofa.

"Bessie," I said, "*I* can't think so. To me there is only one lovely woman in the world. Can you guess who that is?"

"How should I?" asked Bessie.

"You *know.*"

"Oh, I don't, Mr. Pitcairn!"

I stole my arm about her waist.

"Bessie," I said, "I love you better than my life. Can't you like me a little?"

Bessie looked down.

"Will you be my wife?" I asked, with a gasping effort.

"Your wife? It would be dangerous—you are so fickle. I'd hate a husband who cared for every new face. I don't consider myself a beauty, you know, Sir; but *he*, if I ever have one, must."

"Bessie, there is nothing like you in the world to me."

"Ah, how long would it last?"

"Forever!"

"Half a day. Besides, poor Janson Gloak—"

"You *don't* love him, Bessie!"

"Love! It's not proper for a girl to *love* people; but I do admire his disposition—he's so constant."

"And you never can forgive me."

"There's nothing to forgive, I'm sure—a gentleman has a right to admire whom he pleases."

But I saw a sly, shy look in her eyes, and caught her to my breast. She struggled like a frightened bird at first, and then her head rested gently on my shoulder, and I kissed her and called her mine.

So we were married, after some waiting for increase of salary and better times; and I am rich now and prosperous, and she has been my wife twenty years. Yet it was only the other day she came to me and perched upon my knee in her matronly cap, put her rosy, dimpled face close to mine, and made a confession:

"Do you remember long ago, Ned, the affair of Mr. Winder's watch?"

"Can I forget it, Bessie, and from what you saved me?"

"Well, Ned, I told you then I did it for the sake of aunt's boarding-house. That was all my stupid pride. I did it for love of you, for I loved you dearly all along. I did indeed, Ned!"

As if I hadn't known it from the first. But I didn't tell her so. I only kissed her.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A Persecuted Watchman.—A man was sentenced to four years' imprisonment for simply keeping watch and guard of another man's property.

Why are wooden ships as compared with iron-clads of the female sex?—Because they're the weaker vessels.

True for once.—A traveler announces as a *fact* (and though he *is* a "traveler," we believe him) that he once in his life beheld people "minding their own business!" This remarkable occurrence happened at sea—the passengers being "too sick" to attend to each other's concerns.

A farmer going to get his grist ground at a mill, borrowed a bag of one of his neighbors. The poor man was knocked under the water-wheel, and the bag with him; he was drowned. When the melancholy news was brought to his wife, she exclaimed: "My gracious, what a fuss there'll be about that bag!"

Disgraceful Conduct of a "Gentleman."—Yesterday a person who styles himself a gentleman approached a young lady and took the initiative. What the poor girl will do without it we can not conjecture.

"Tant Meux," as the publican said when he watered the beer.

The attempt to lay the Atlantic cable has for a time terminated in disaster. We have witnessed the termination; but until they succeed in fishing the cable up again from the depths of ocean we can not hope *to see the "end" of it.*

Reasons for not joining the Church.—Two lawyers in Lowell were returning from court when the one said to the other: "I've a notion to join Rev. Mr. ——'s church —been debating the matter for some time. What do you think of it?" "Wouldn't do it," said the other. "Well, why?" "Because it could do you no possible good, while it would be a great injury to the church."

A parson once prefaced his sermon with, "My friends, let us say a few words before we begin." This is about equal to the man who took a short nap before he went to sleep.

Sydney Smith being one day asked his opinion of a certain clergyman's sermons, replied, "Just as I chew biscuit for my parrot, so he appears to chew Bible for his congregation; but I fancy he chews all the flavor out of it; and though it may be thus rendered easy to digest, I doubt if they get much nourishment from it."

Tastes differ with regard to birds. The infant delights in crows, but hates the thrush; some lunatics are raven mad; gluttons are fond of swallows; persons with colds indulge in hawks; artillerists fancy Parrotts; misers cultivate the golden eagle; gamblers like pigeons and gulls; thieves go in for robin; fast men glory in a lark, and every good husband loves his little duck of a wife.

Two Irishmen in crossing a field came in contact with a donkey who was making "day hideous" with his unearthly braying. Jemmy stood a moment in astonishment; but turning to Pat, who seemed as much enraptured with the song as himself, remarked: "It's a fine large ear that bird has for music, Pat, but sure he's got an awful cowld."

A friend remarking to Charles Lamb, at an evening party at Lady M——'s, that Miss A—— mangled the English language sadly, the former replied, "Look at her mouth, my dear fellow! How can you expect a woman with such an ill-formed mouth to utter well-formed sentences?"

"So, poor Miss Prim is dead at last, Miss Singleton." "Oh yes, poor critter; she couldn't bear to hear how Dr. Squibbs was a sidling up to Widow Wimpole; so she just filled with grief, and sunk under it." "Poor, unfort'nate creetur!" said the old maid. "How does my new cap look?"

Why is love like a duck's foot?—Because it often lies hidden under the breast.

Steam Defined.—At a railway station an old lady said to a very pompous-looking gentleman who was talking about steam communication: "Pray, Sir, what is steam?" "Steam, ma'am, is, ah!—steam is, ah! ah! steam is—steam!" "I knew that chap couldn't tell ye," said a rough-looking fellow standing by. "But steam is a bucket of water in a tremendous perspiration."

At a recent church fair held in the vicinity of Taunton, a set of *Cooper's Works* was promised to the individual who should answer a certain set of conundrums. The winner received a set of *wooden pails.*

The Empress Eugenie climbed the Righi on the 21st ultimo. On her return she declared herself to be Righi-larly tired out.

An Awkward Compliment.—A wedding breakfast was given by a substantial farmer blessed with five daughters, the eldest being the bride, when a neighbor, a young farmer, who was honored with an invitation, thinking, no doubt, he ought to say something smart and complimentary on the event, addressing the bridegroom, said: "Well, you have got the pick of the batch!" The countenances of the four unmarried ones, as may be imagined, were awful.

Which are the lightest men—Scotchmen, Irishmen, or Englishmen?—In Ireland there are men of Cork; in Scotland men of Ayr (air); but in England, upon the Thames, there are lighter men.

In spite of all that Puritanical people say against dancing, it is unquestionably a merry-toe-rious arrangement.

"You would be very pretty indeed," said a gentleman, patronizingly, to a young lady, "if your eyes were only a little larger." "My eyes may be very small, Sir, but such people as you don't fill them."

A father once visited dear Charley's instructor,
Who was noted for being a stern man of vigilance.
"Why does not the lad in *conveyancing* prosper?"
"Because," said the master, "he's wanting in *diligence.*"

A learned coroner being asked how he accounted for the great mortality this year exclaimed: "I can not tell; people seem to die this year that never died before."

A Western editor was recently requested to send his paper to a distant patron, provided he would take his pay in "trade." At the end of the year he found that his new subscriber was a coffin maker.

TOO TRUE.

"What, Tom, you feel lonely? well, get a young wife
To share all your pleasures and sweeten your life."
"No, no! Jack, I need no such solace as theirs:
They *share* all the pleasures—but *treble* the cares."

An unfortunate young man is searching every where for his sweet-heart, who was recently carried away by her feelings.

"Your Fare, Miss?"—A young lady from the rural districts of Hoosierdom lately visited Chicago with her beau. Getting into a city railroad car for the first time, she took her seat, while her lover planted himself on the platform with the driver. Very soon the conductor began to collect fare, and approaching the rustic maiden, he said, "Your fare, miss?" The Hoosier rose-bud allowed a delicate pink to manifest itself upon her cheeks, and looked down in soft confusion. The conductor was rather astonished at this, but ventured to remark once more—"Your fare, miss?" This time the pink deepened to carnation as the rustic beauty replied, "Wa'al, if I am good-lookin', you hadn't ought to say it out loud afore folks!"

At what time of life may a man be said to belong to the vegetable kingdom?—When long experience has made him *sage.*

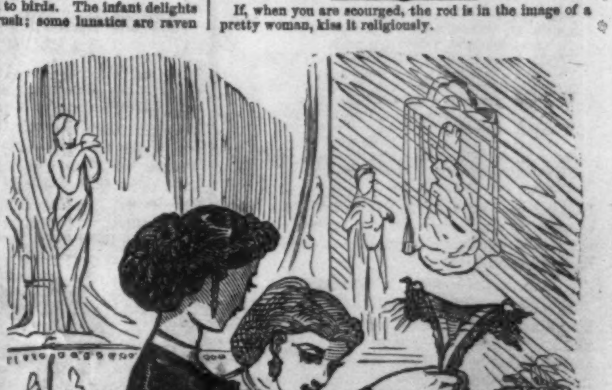
Briggs has a great faculty for getting things cheap. The other day he had a beautiful set of teeth inserted for next to nothing. He kicked a dog.

A clergyman, thinking to puzzle a Quaker, asked him, "Where was your religion before George Fox lived?" "Where thine was," said the Quaker, "before Harry Tudor's time. Now," added the Quaker, "pray let me ask thee a question—Where was Jacob going when he was turned ten years of age? Canst thou tell that?" "No, nor you either," said the clergyman. "Yes, I can," replied the Quaker; "he was going into his eleventh year."

The Irish statute-book opens characteristically with "An Act that the King's officers may travel by *sea* from one place to another within *the land* of Ireland."

A wave on which many a poor fellow has been carried away is the wave of a lace-edged cambric handkerchief.

If, when you are scourged, the rod is in the image of a pretty woman, kiss it religiously.



VERY INGENIOUS.

Lucy. "There now, how stupid! My new Bonnet's come from Town, and they don't say which is the Front!"

Jenny. "All the better; you can wear it out both Sides."

GATHERING CORN.—[Drawn by Mr. E. Forbes.]

CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK—MUSIC ON THE LAKE.—[Drawn by W. W. Ward.]

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By Amelia B. Edwards,
Author of "Barbara's History," &c.

CHAPTER LIV.

HOW THE EARL SPED IN HIS WOOING.

It was a hurried, uncomfortable afternoon at Castletowers, and Signor Colonna's visitor had brought nothing but confusion to the house. The news was really important news to those whom it concerned; but there was nothing which Lady Castletowers disliked so much as excitement, nothing in her eyes so undignified as haste, and she was therefore not a little displeased by this sudden breaking up of her party. It was nothing to her that Garibaldi was in occupation of Palermo. It was nothing to her that an armistice had been concluded with the Neapolitan Government, or that the army would be likely to march next in the direction of Messina. She only knew that the Walkingshaws and Miss Hatherton were coming to dine with her that very day; that Signor Montecuculi would make one too many at the table; and that the departure of the Colonnas immediately after dinner would spoil the evening.

In the mean while Signor Colonna was deep in consultation with the new-comer; Olimpia, assisted by one of the maids, was busy packing her father's books and papers; the Earl was wandering disconsolately to and fro, seeking his opportunity; and Saxon Trefalden, mounted on his swiftest thorough-bred, was galloping toward the hills, determined to leave a clear field for his friend, and not to come back till the first dinner-bell should be ringing.

At length, as the afternoon wore on, the Earl grew tired of waiting about the drawing-rooms and staircase, and sought Olimpia in her father's quarters. There he found her, not in Colonna's own den, but in the room immediately beneath it, kneeling before a huge army trunk more than half filled with pamphlets, letters, dispatches, maps, and documentary lumber of every description. More books and papers littered the floor and table, and there the servant was dusting previous to their being sorted and tied up by Miss Colonna.

"Can I be of any service?" asked the Earl, as he peeped in through the half-opened door.

Olimpia looked up with a pleasant smile.

"Are you really in want of something to do?" said she.

"Greatly."

"Then you may help to sort these papers. Among them are some dozens of last year's reports. You can arrange those according to date, and tie them up in parcels of about eighteen or twenty."

The Earl set about his task with much seeming alacrity.

"We owe Montecuculi a grudge for this," he said, presently. "Who would have thought this morning at breakfast that you would strike your tents and flee away into the great London desert before night?"

"Who would have thought that we should have such glorious cause for breaking up our camp?" retorted Olimpia, with enthusiasm.

"No one, indeed. And yet I wish the news had not traveled quite so quickly."

"Good news can not fly too fast," replied Olimpia. "I scarcely dare trust myself to think what the next may be."

"At least, do not hope too much."

"Nay, I have desponded long enough. Hope has been for so many years a forbidden luxury that I feel as if I could not now drink of it too deeply. I hope all things. I expect all things. I believe that the hour is come at last, and that miracles will be accomplished within the next few months."

The Earl, thinking more of his own hopes and fears at that moment than of Italy or the Italians, wished with all his heart that a miracle could be accomplished then and there for the translation of the house-maid to any convenient planet.

"I should not be surprised," continued Olimpia, "if I heard to-morrow that Garibaldi was in Messina—or that he had crossed the straits, and carried Naples by a coup de main!"

"Nor I," replied Castletowers, abstractedly.

And then for a few moments they were both silent. In the midst of their silence a bell rang long and loudly in some part of the offices below.

"What bell is that?" asked the Earl, who had heard it thousands of times in the course of his home-life, and knew its import perfectly.

"It's the servants' hall bell, my lord," replied the house-maid.

"And what does it mean, then—the servants' tea?"

"Yes, my lord."

Olimpia took the Earl's little bait immediately.

"You need not mind the rest of those papers now, Jane," she said, good-naturedly. "Go down at once, and come back when you have had tea."

Whereupon the house-maid, duly grateful, left the room.

And now Lord Castletowers had only to speak. The coveted opportunity was his at last; but it was no sooner his than he lost his presence of mind, and found himself without a word to say.

Presently Olimpia looked up, and spoke again.

"How hard a thing it is," said she, "to be a woman—a mere woman! How hard to sit down tamely, day after day, listening to the echoes of the battle-field—listening and waiting!"

"I am very glad you are listening from so safe a distance."

"And I pray that that distance may soon be lessened," she retorted, quickly. "We shall undoubtedly go to Genoa in the course of the next fortnight; and if my father crosses to Sicily, I do not mean to be left behind."

"But the Mediterranean swarms with Neapolitan war-steamers!" exclaimed the Earl.

Olimpia smiled.

"Besides, of what service could you be when there? You will perhaps say that you can do hospital work; but the hospitals do not want you. Ten per cent. of our volunteers are medical men, and I will venture to say that every woman in Sicily is a willing nurse."

"I would do any work that my head or hands could be trusted to perform," said she; "whether it were at the desk or the bedside. Oh that I could give my blood for the cause!"

"Men give their blood," replied the Earl; "but women the tears that make death sweet, and the smiles that make victory worth achieving."

Olimpia's lip curled scornfully.

"Our soldiers have nobler ends at stake than women's smiles!" said she.

The Earl was in despair. Nothing that he had said seemed to find favor with Miss Colonna, and all this time the minutes were slipping away—the precious minutes for which there would be no recall.

"True friend to the cause as I am, Olimpia," said he, desperately, "if I were to go out, it would be as much for your sake as for the sake of your country; but I hope you would not scorn my sword for that reason."

Miss Colonna was taken by surprise. She had never been blind to the young man's admiration; but, having tacitly discouraged it for so long, she had taken it for granted that he would not venture on a declaration. Even now, though he had spoken words which could bear no other interpretation, she determined to put the thing aside and prevent him, if possible, from speaking more plainly. And yet her heart stirred strangely when he called her by her name!

"Yours is almost the only sword we should decline to enlist on any terms, Lord Castletowers," she replied, gravely. "You are an only son, and the last inheritor of a noble name. Your duties lie here."

"You would not think thus if I were an Italian?"

"Certainly not. I should then say that your first duty was to your country."

The Earl came and stood before her, pale and earnest, and not to be turned from his purpose.

"Hear me, Olimpia," he said, passionately. "I love you, and you know that I love you. I have loved you for more than four years. I will not say that I have dared to hope. If I had hoped, I should not, perhaps, have kept silence so long; but I may have thought that you read my secret, and that silence might plead for me more eloquently than words. I know how heavy the chances are against me—I have weighed them all, long since. I know that he who would aspire to your hand must love your Italy as if he were a son of the soil, must throw in his fortunes with her fortunes, and deserve you through his devotion to her cause. I also know that the man who had done all this would only have fulfilled those primary conditions without which the humblest red-shirt in Garibaldi's wake would stand a better chance than himself. Am I not right?"

"Perfectly; but—"

"Do not reply yet, I implore you! You say that I have duties here. It is true; and I am prepared to fulfill them to the utmost. I will settle this house and half my income on my mother for her life. All else that is mine, land, revenue, strength of body and will, personal influence, life itself, shall be Italy's. Your country shall be my country—your people my people—your God my God. Can I say more, except that I love you? That, deeply and dearly as I love you now, I believe from my soul I shall love you better still in years to come. In my eyes you will never be less young or less beautiful. Should sorrow or sickness come upon you, I will do all that man may do to cherish and comfort you. If you are in peril, I will die defending you. The love of my youth will be the love of my age; and what you are to me now, Olimpia, whether you reject or accept me, that you will be till my last hour!"

He paused. His manner, even more than his words, had been intense and eager, and now that his passionate appeal was all poured out, he waited for his sentence.

And Olimpia? Did she listen unmoved? She strove hard to do so; but she could not quite control the color that came and went, or the tears that would not be stayed. One by one, as his pleading grew more earnest, they had slipped slowly over the dark lashes and down the oval cheek; and the Earl, who had never seen her shed a tear before, believed for one wild moment that his cause was won.

Her first words undeceived him.

"I am very sorry for this, Lord Castletowers," she said; and her voice, which was a little tremulous at first, became steady as she went on. "I would have given much that these words had never been spoken; for they are spoken in vain. I believe that you love me sincerely. I believe that I have never been so well loved—that I shall never be so well loved again; but—I can not marry you."

"You will, at least, give me a reason!"

"To what end? That you might combat it? Do not ask it, my lord. Nothing that I could tell, nothing that you could say, would alter my decision."

The Earl turned his face aside.

"This is cruel," he said. "I have not deserved it."

"Heaven knows that I do not mean it so," replied Olimpia, quickly. "I should be more or less than woman if I did not regret the loss of such a heart as yours."

"You have not lost it, Olimpia," he replied, brokenly. "You will never lose it. With me, once is always."

She clasped her hands together, like one in pain.

"Oh that it were not so!" she exclaimed.

"Are you, then, sorry for me?"

"Bitterly—bitterly!"

"And yet you can not love me?"

Olimpia was silent.

Again the hope flashed upon him—again he broke into passionate pleading.

"I used to think once—madly, presumptuously, if you will—that you were not quite so indifferent to me as you have been of late. Was I mistaken in so thinking? Or is it possible that I have done any thing to lessen your regard? Have I ever offended you? Or pained you? Or manifested my admiration too openly?"

"Never—never."

"Then, did you never care for me? For Heaven's sake, tell me this before we part?"

Olimpia became ashy pale, and leaned upon the table as if her strength were failing her.

"Lord Castletowers," she said, slowly, "you have no right to press me thus."

"Not when the happiness of my whole life is at stake? Give me but the shadow of a hope and I will be silent!"

"I can not."

The Earl put his hand to his forehead in a bewildered way.

"I don't seem as if I could believe it," he said. "But—if I only knew why, perhaps it would not be so hard to bear."

Miss Colonna looked down, and for some moments neither spoke nor stirred. At length she said:

"I will tell you why, Lord Castletowers, if you *must* know. It is possible that I may never marry; but if I do, it must be to one who can do more for Italy than yourself. Are you satisfied?"

The young man could not trust himself to speak. He only looked at her; and a dark expression came into his face—such an expression as Olimpia had never seen it wear till that moment.

"Farewell," she said, almost imploringly, and put out her hand.

"Farewell," he replied, and, having held it for a moment in his own, disengaged it gently and said no more.

She remembered afterward how cold her own hand was, and how dry and hot was the palm in which it rested.

But a few moments later and she was kneeling by her bedside in her own far-away chamber, silent and self-reliant no longer, but wringing her hands with a woman's passionate sorrow, and crying aloud:

"Oh that he could have looked into my heart—that he could only have known how I love him!"

CHAPTER LV.

AT ARM'S-LENGTH.

There was no superfluous guest at Lady Castletowers's table after all; for Miss Colonna excused herself on the plea of severe headache, and Signor Montecuculi opportunely filled her place. But the dinner proved an effet manqué, notwithstanding. The Earl, though, as host, he strove to do his best, played the part languidly, and was bitterly sad at heart. Saxon, who had come in covered with dust and foam about five minutes before the dinner was served, looked weary and thoughtful, and all unlike his own joyous self. Giulio Colonna, full of Italian politics, was indisposed for conversation. And so, what with Olimpia's absence, and what with that vague sense of discomfort inseparable from any kind of parting or removal, a general dreariness pervaded the table.

Miss Hatherton, however, was lively and talkative, as usual. Finding Saxon unwontedly silent, she consoled herself with the stranger, and questioned Signor Montecuculi about Sicily and Naples, Calatafimi, Palermo, Garibaldi, and Victor Emanuel to her heart's content.

In the mean while Colonna, sitting at Lady Castletowers's left hand, had been lamenting the non-fulfillment of certain of his plans.

"I had hoped," he said, in a low tone, "that something would have come of it ere this."

"And I had hoped it, too, dear friend—for your sake," replied Lady Castletowers, benevolently.

"I had made certain that, knowing how unexpectedly we are called away, he would have spoken to-day; but, on the contrary, he ordered out his horse quite early, and has been in the saddle all day."

"That looks strange!"

"Very strange. I wish to Heaven we could have remained with you one week longer!"

"But it is not too late to reverse your plans."

Colonna shook his head.

"I can no more reverse them," he said, "than I can reverse the order of the planets."

"Then leave Olimpia with me. She is not fit to go up to town this evening."

"Thanks—I had already thought of that; but she is determined to accompany me."

To which the Countess, who was much more deeply interested in procuring Miss Hatherton's fortune for her son than in securing a wealthy bridegroom for the daughter of her friend, replied, "I am sorry, amico," and transferred her conversation to Mr. Walkingshaw.

But Colonna had not yet played his last card. When the ladies retired he took the vacant seat at Saxon's right hand, and said:

"Ours is an abrupt departure, Mr. Trefalden; but I trust we shall see you in London."

Saxon bowed, and murmured something about obligation and kindness.

"You are yourself returning to town, I understand, the day after to-morrow."

Saxon believed he was.

"Then you must promise to come and see us. You will find us, for at least the next fortnight, at the Portland Hotel; but after that time we shall probably be bending our steps toward Italy."

Saxon bowed again, and passed the decanters.

Colonna began to see that there was something wrong.

"When friends wish to insure a meeting," said he—"and we *are* friends, I trust, Mr. Trefalden—their best plan is to make some definite appointment. Will you dine with us on Thursday at our hotel?"

"I am afraid—" began Saxon.

"Nay, that is an ominous beginning."

"I have been so long away from town," continued the young man, somewhat confusedly, "and shall have so many claims upon my time for the next few weeks, that I fear I must make no engagements."

Giulio Colonna was utterly confounded. But yesterday, and this young millionaire would have grasped at any straw of invitation that might have brought him nearer to Olimpia; and now—Was he drawing off? Was he offended? He laid his hand on Saxon's arm, and, bending his most gracious smile upon him, said:

"I will not part from you thus, my dear Sir. Those who serve my country serve me; and you have been so munificent a benefactor to our cause that you have made me your debtor for life. I will not, therefore, suffer you to drop away into the outer ranks of mere acquaintanceship. I look upon you as a friend, and as a friend you must promise to break bread with me before I leave England."

Saxon would have given the best thorough-bred in his stables—nay, every horse that he possessed, and the mail phaeton into the bargain!—only to know at that moment how the Earl had prospered in his wooing. Being ignorant, however, on this point, he made the best reply he could under the circumstances.

"I will dine with you if I can, Signor Colonna," he said, bluntly. "At all events, I will call upon you at your hotel; but until I know how I am situated with—with regard to other friends—I can say nothing more positive."

"Then I suppose I must try to be content," replied the Italian, pleasantly; but he felt that Saxon Trefalden was on his guard, and holding him at arm's-length, and in his heart he cursed the adverse power that instinct told him was at work against him.

Later in the evening, when they were all gone, and Lady Castletowers had retired, and Saxon remained the only guest in the house, the two young men went down to the smoking salon—a large, comfortable room adjoining the library, and opening upon the same quiet garden.

"Well?" exclaimed Saxon, eagerly. "What speed?"

The Earl closed the door before replying; and then his answer was significant enough.

"None."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, Trefalden, that the sooner that yacht is found and we are on the high seas the better pleased I shall be. She has refused me."

Despite the claims of friendship and his own generous resolves Saxon's heart gave a joyous bound.

"Refused you!" he said. "On what grounds?"

The Earl flung himself into a chair.

"On patriotic grounds," he replied, gloomily.

"Do you mean because you are English?"

"No; nor yet because she does not love me; but because, if she ever gives her hand in marriage it must be to a man who can 'do more for Italy' than Gervase Wynneclyffe."

"Do more for Italy!" repeated Saxon, slowly.

"Ay; do you know what that means? Why, man, it means that Olimpia Colonna, with all her beauty, purity, and pride of birth, will some day sell herself—sell herself, wrong her husband, and sacrifice me—for her country's sake! If I were as rich as you are she would marry me. If you were to propose to her to-morrow she would marry you. If you were old, ugly, ignorant—any thing, in short, save a Bourbon or a Hapsburgh—she would probably marry you all the same. And yet she loves me!"

"Are you sure of that?"

"I am as certain of it as that she lives and breathes."

"Did—did she admit it?"

"No; but she could not deny it. Besides I saw it—I felt it. There are times when all men are clairvoyant; and I was clairvoyant then."

Saxon was silent.

"And this is patriotism!" ejaculated Castletowers, bitterly. "I have heard it said that virtues carried to excess become vices; but till now I never believed it. As for the Italian cause . . . . I have been a true friend to it, Trefalden—a true and earnest friend, as you well know; but now—I hate it."

And he ground the words out slowly between his teeth as if he meant them.

After this they sat together with books and maps before them, planning many things, and talking far into the night.

CHAPTER LVI.

GOING TO NORWAY.

"We are going to Norway—Castletowers and I!"

The words were in Saxon's mouth all day long, and Saxon himself was living in a fever of preparation. The men at the Erectheum took a good deal of languid interest in his plans, and were lavish of advice in the matter of Norwegian travel—especially those who had never crossed

the Skager Rack in their lives. And Saxon was grateful for it all, buying every thing that every body recommended, and stocking himself in the wildest way with meat-essences, hermetically-preserved game and fish, solid soups, ship's biscuit, wines, spirits and liqueurs, fishing-tackle, wading-boots, patent tents, polyglott washing-books, Swedish and Norwegian grammars, dictionaries, and vocabularies, pocket-telescopes, pocket-microscopes, pocket-revolvers, waterproof clothing, and a thousand other snares of the like nature. Then, besides all these, he ordered a couple of nautical suits, and a gorgeous log-book bound in scarlet morocco, and secured by a Chubb's lock; for Saxon had scorned to hire his yacht—he had bought it, paid for it, christened it, and now meant to play the part of captain and owner thereof, under the due jurisdiction of a competent master.

In all this Mr. Lawrence Greatorex had made himself particularly useful and obliging, having taken the trouble to go down with Saxon to Portsmouth for the purpose of introducing him to a ship-building acquaintance who happened, luckily, to be able to help them to the very thing of which they were in search. It was an American yacht, slight and graceful as an American beauty; and as her owner was anxious to sell and Saxon was eager to buy, the bargain was soon concluded.

Then came the hiring of a competent master and crew; the shipping of Saxon's multitudinous stores; the trial trip round the Isle of Wight; and all the rest of those delightfully business-like preliminaries which make the game of yachting seem so much like earnest. And throughout the whole of this time Mr. Greatorex—who, to do him justice, was really grateful to his benefactor, and anxious to serve him in any way not involving the repayment of a certain modest loan—posted backward and forward between London and Portsmouth, helped Saxon through innumerable commercial difficulties, and proved himself an invaluable adviser.

It was a busy time for Saxon. He had no leisure for regrets, and perhaps no overwhelming inclination to indulge in them either. What was his disappointment, after all, compared with the Earl's? A mere scratch beside a deep and deadly wound. Castletowers had loved Olimpia Colonna for four long years—Saxon had been her slave for about as many weeks. Castletowers had confessed to him, in a manly, quiet way, and without the slightest semblance of affectation, that he believed he should never love any other woman—Saxon had no such conviction; but felt, on the contrary, that the best love of his life was yet to come. All these things considered, he was so grieved for his friend that he came to be almost ashamed of his own trouble—nay, was somewhat ashamed to regard his disappointment in the light of a trouble. Olimpia had never cared for him. She had cared for nothing but his wealth; and only for that on account of Italy. Miss Hatherton was right. She had spoken only the literal truth that day when she compared him to the goose that laid the golden eggs. It was a humiliating truth; but, after all, was it not well for the goose to have escaped with only the loss of an egg or two? So Saxon tried to be philosophic; kept his secret to himself; hurried on the yachting preparations with a will; and set himself to efface Olimpia's beautiful image from his heart as rapidly as possible.

At last all was ready. The yacht rode lightly at anchor in Portsmouth harbor, only waiting for her lord and master to embark; and Saxon, having made his last round of inspection and seen that every thing was in order, from the glittering swivel-gun on the foredeck to the no less brilliant pots and pans in the caboose, was speeding up to London, to spend his last evening with William Trefalden.

"Isn't she a little beauty, Greatorex?" said he.

It was the first word that had been spoken since they left Portsmouth.

"I'll tell you what it is, my dear boy," replied the banker, with that engaging familiarity to which so many of his West End acquaintances had the bad taste to object, "the *Albula* is just the tautest and trimmest little craft that ever scudded under canvas. If she had been built for you you could not have had a better fit."

"I wonder what Castletowers will say when he sees her?"

"If he has but half the taste I give him credit for he will indorse my verdict. Do you meet in London or Portsmouth?"

"In London; and go down together. We hope to weigh anchor about three o'clock in the afternoon."

"And you will be away—how long?"

"From two to three months."

Mr. Greatorex looked thoughtful, and lit a cigar.

"If I can be useful to you while you are out there, Trefalden, you know you may command me," said he. "I mean if you have any stocks or shares that you want looked after, or any interest got in."

"Thank you very much," replied Saxon; "but my cousin manages all those things for me."

"Humph! And you have no other lawyer?"

"Of course not."

"Would you think it impertinent if I ask how he has disposed of your property? Understand, my dear boy, that I don't want you to tell me if you had rather not; but I should like to know that Mr. Trefalden of Chancery Lane has done the best he can for you."

"Oh, you may take that for granted," said Saxon, warmly.

"We take nothing for granted, east of Temple Bar," replied Greatorex, dryly.

But of this observation his companion took no notice.

"More than half of my money was left in the Bank of England," said he, "in Government stock."

"Safe; but only three per cent.," remarked the banker.

"And the rest is invested in—in a company."

"In what company?" asked Greatorex, quickly.

"Ah, that I may not tell you. It's a secret at present."

The banker looked very grave.

"I am sorry for that," he said.

"Don't be sorry. It's a magnificent enterprise—the grandest thing of the present half century, and a certain success. You'll hear all about it before long."

"Not the South Australian diamond mines, I hope?"

"No, no."

"Did Mr. Trefalden advise the investment?"

"Yes; and has put all his own money into it as well."

"That looks as if he had some faith in it."

"He has perfect faith in it. He is the company's lawyer, you see, and knows all about it."

"And who are the directors?"

"Well, I believe I'm one of them," laughed Saxon.

"And the rest?"

"I haven't the slightest idea."

"But you have met them on board-days?"

"Never. I don't think there have been any board-days at present."

The banker shook his head.

"I don't like it," said he. "I tell you frankly, my dear boy, I don't like it."

"I really see no reason why you should dislike it," replied Saxon.

Mr. Greatorex smoked for some time in silence, and made no reply. After that the conversation went back to the yacht; and then they talked about Norway, and salmon-fishing, and a thousand other topics connected with the voyage, till they shook hands at parting, on the platform of the London terminus.

"I wish, upon my soul, Trefalden, that you would intrust me with the name of that company," said the banker, earnestly.

"I can not."

"It would enable me to keep an eye on your interests while you are away."

"You are most kind," replied Saxon; "but I have promised to keep the secret faithfully, and I mean to do so. Besides, I have absolute confidence in my cousin's discretion."

The City man shrugged his shoulders significantly.

"To tell you the blunt truth, my dear fellow," said he, "I would not trust William Trefalden one inch farther than I could see him. There—don't look at me as if I were proposing to blow up the Houses of Parliament. It is a rude thing to say, no doubt; but I am not the only man living who is of that opinion. I don't like William Trefalden. Perhaps you will say that I have good reason to dislike him—and so I have; but that is not it. I am not speaking now from my prejudices, but through my regard for you. You did a very friendly thing by us, in spite of your cousin; and I should rejoice to do something for you in return."

"Also in spite of my cousin, I suppose," replied Saxon, half in jest, and more than half in anger. "No, I thank you, Mr. Greatorex. You mean well, I am sure; but you can not serve me in this matter—unless by dismissing an unjust prejudice from your mind."

"Willful man—et cætera! Well, then, Trefalden, good-by, and bon voyage."

"Good-by, Mr. Greatorex."

And so they parted.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Autumn has come with bright days and brighter faces. Broadway is gay with fair ruralists returned from the summer-crowded watering-places. To be sure they *must* go to Saratoga, or Newport, or Long Branch for "the season;" but even plenty of Congress water or surf-bathing does not compensate for the discomfort of "living in trunks" in a crowded little room of a fashionable hotel. And now that fashion allows them to return, they accept with complacent satisfaction the luxury of well-lighted apartments and spacious wardrobes at home, but speedily yield to the fascinations of a promenade down Broadway. One thing, however, shocks the fair sight-seers. It is

The Empire Bonnet.—Its large crown, small brim, and straight, narrow curtain are denominated "ugly." To be sure they are a little Quakerish, and *may* make the young ladies look rather old; but style is every thing, and the "Empire" will soon be "all the rage."

But other changes will follow, as a fragment of conversation, accidentally overheard, indicates.

Place—*Academy of Music.* Time—*Intermission between Herrmann's Necromancies.*

Lady in Drab. "How in the world are we ever going to wear those horrid new bonnets?"

Lady in Blue. "Well, now, I think they are sweet. I saw *such* a beauty in Broadway to-day!"

Lady in Drab. "But our waterfalls! What shall we do with them?"

Lady in Blue. "Ah! don't you know? the style is going to change—half the waterfall arranged above, and half below, and the hat fits on just between the loops!"

Attendant Beau (*suggestively*). "Or you can remove the waterfall altogether and pack it away until in fashion again.

Lady in Blue (*indignantly*). "You are—"

Curtain rises, and dollars floating through the air arrest her attention.

A private word to you, fair reader:

Waterfalls—Natural and Artificial.—The disclosure has been made that the *chignon* deception may be thus detected: If the back hair looks smooth, then it is a work of art bought at the shop, and not the product and growth of the wearer; if there are small pieces of loose hair sticking out, then it may be understood that the *coiffure* is the genuine property of those on whose head it figures.

Frizzle up the hair a little after your waterfall is arranged, and you will never suffer from *false* imputations respecting it.

One of our fashionable hair-dressers tells this good story:

An old Quaker lady was standing at her counter one day, when a gay young girl came in to engage a head-dress for the evening. She gave her order hurriedly, saying that she wanted a half dozen "rolls," and a "butterfly" on top, a "Grecian" or "waterfall" at the back, with plenty of "puffs" and "curls," and ending with an injunction to send along any quantity of "rats," "mice," and "cataracts."

"Poor child!" said the dear old lady, compassionately, looking after her as she departed. "What a pity she has lost her mind!"

Those who have a taste for the fine arts will be interested in the following fact:

Church, the artist, is said to be engaged in painting a waterfall which recently attracted his attention in Broadway.

Nothing is more charming than to see the little home pets tastefully dressed; and good mothers are always watching for something neat and pretty.

A fine, white dress, tucked, or ornamented with needlework, is really the prettiest dress a little girl can wear. Add to this a sash, and shoulder-knots of broad, rich ribbon, and fancy-colored gaiters, and the little lady is presentable in any society.

But for everyday wear low necks and short sleeves for little girls are quite out of date. High dresses and low-necked aprons, or high, gored aprons and low-necked dresses, together with the pretty Garibaldi bodice, and fancy jackets, divide the honors about equally for ordinary wear, and prevent the exposure which formerly endangered the health of the little ones.

Apropos is the following:

Surprised.—A fine-looking man of noble physique, and clad in over-coat, gloves, and stout boots, was walking out the other day with his little three-year-old daughter—a pale-faced child, with bare neck and arms, and Morocco slippers. A neighbor, meeting them, began to ask with great apparent concern after the father's health, adding,

"But I'm glad your little one does not inherit your feeble constitution."

"Feeble constitution!" exclaimed the astonished parent. "Why, I was never sick a day in my life; while, as to my daughter, we fear she has her mother's consumptive tendencies."

"Indeed," replied his friend, with a sly twinkle of the eye. "You took such extra care to protect yourself from the cold, while she goes bare-necked, and in pasteboard shoes, I inferred that it was you that inherited the mother's consumptive tendencies, and not she."

When we ourselves luxuriate in something nice we like to tell our friends that they may enjoy the same. The recipe we give below is not one of those untried and worthless ones which are sometimes floating through the newspapers. Our method of preparing the beverage to which we allude is original, and if you don't like it, why—your taste is different from ours. We call it

Home Café Bavaroise.—Take some cold coffee, which, perchance, has been left over from breakfast, and mix it with milk in proportions to suit your taste. To a pint or a pint and a half of the mixture add a couple of well-beaten eggs, a table-spoonful—or more if you like—of sugar, and a little grated nutmeg. About five minutes before you wish to serve it add some pieces of broken ice. This makes a delicious drink, and if you wish to feel particularly bright and lively, it has a wonderful effect.

Speaking of recipes reminds us of another, which is well worth considering at this time, when one must either smother under a net at night or be devoured by the soft-singing but ravenous invaders of our sleeping-rooms.

To Prevent Mosquitoes from Biting.—At this season, when mosquitoes are so troublesome, a simple recipe to prevent their "presenting their bills" may be acceptable: Take a few pounds of rosin, a little pitch, a little glue, and a little lard, and "bile 'em;" stir and boil it until it is about as thick as "guava jelly;" then apply while hot to the body. The mosquitoes will fly on to you and stick, and you can take a penknife in your right hand and cut their heads off at leisure.

Well, really, now, that does not seem so "simple" as we had supposed—are afraid that our penknife is not sharp enough. Here is another, which don't require a penknife:

To prevent mosquitoes from biting at night (a physician informs us), take the tincture of pennyroyal, diluted with rose-water, half-and-half; or it can be made from the oil; rub on the face and your hair. This is a sure preventive against these troublesome insects keeping you awake.

All the good books say that the sick-room is woman's special province, and counsel her to avail herself of all suitable sources of information, that she may be qualified for the duties of nurse. The following, therefore, will be useful:

Applying Leeches.—"Well, my good woman," said the doctor, "how is your husband to-day? Better, no doubt."

"Oh yes! surely," said the woman. "He is as well as ever, and gone to the field."

"I thought so," continued the doctor. "The leeches have cured him. Wonderful effect they have. You got the leeches, of course?"

"Oh yes! they did him a great deal of good, though he could not take them all."

"Take them all! Why, my good woman, how did you apply them?"

"Oh! I managed nicely," said the wife, looking quite contented with herself. "For variety sake, I boiled one half, and made a fry of the other. The first he got down very well, but the second made him very sick. But what he took was quite enough," continued she, seeing some horror in the doctor's countenance, "for he was better the next morning, and to-day he is quite well."

"Umph!" said the doctor, with a sapient shake of the head, "if they have cured him that is sufficient, but they would have been better applied externally."

Is there any rule by which a lady may know "when to speak, and when to be silent?" Perhaps these items will help her decide.

Found at last.—Not far distant from our good village there lives a man whose spouse one day got in a pet, and refused to speak for eight or ten days. Well, the husband, poor fellow, although her silence sometimes used to be most devoutly wished for, wished to hear again the clapper of that little bell that sometimes made his ears tingle; but she was inexorable. At last he hit upon an expedient that brought her to her speech again. She was very neat and tidy about her furniture and apparel. He stepped into another room, opened a bureau, and commenced throwing the contents on the floor. She came in when he had nearly completed his work of tumbling out silks, laces, and handkerchiefs, and, without thinking, screamed out,

"Mercy! what in the world are you doing?"

"Nothing, only looking for my wife's tongue, which I have found in the bottom of these drawers."

A very loquacious lady offered to bet her husband five dollars she would not speak a word for a week. "Done," cried the delighted husband, instantly putting down the money, which the lady as soon took up and put in her pocket, observing naively that she would secure it until the bet was decided. "Why," said the husband, "I've won it already," and required her to fork over. "Not at all," said the lady, "you are mistaken in the time—I mean the week after I am buried." The lady went shopping the same afternoon.

Mr. Beresford Hope, of Bedgebury Park, was one of the most active members of the Southern Independence Association, the object of which was to keep "before the minds of the British public the policy and justice of recognizing the independence of the Confederate States at the earliest possible moment." Those Englishmen who would themselves have liked best to be slaveholders were those most ready to sympathize with the slaveholders of the South. The following absurd parade, on the occasion of Miss Hope's marriage, shows how this class of men ape the consequential pomp of royalty:

The marriage of Miss Beresford Hope, eldest daughter of Mr. and Lady Mildred Beresford Hope, of Bedgebury Park, to the Hon. Hallyburton George Campbell, brother of Lord Campbell, took place at Christ Church, on Thursday, August 24, with full choral service. The bride was attired in a robe of rich white satin and costly Brussels lace, and veil of the same. At the church door she was met by her twelve bridemaids, who were all dressed in white grenadine trimmed with blue, and with blue wreaths. The marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. Henry Harrison. Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" was played by the organist as the party left the church. Outside of the church door ten little girls dressed in white were drawn up in order on each side, and scattered flowers in the path as the bride and bridegroom passed. The church bells rang a merry peal as they departed. After the ceremony the company proceeded to Bedgebury Park, where a sumptuous wedding breakfast had been provided, at which about two hundred were present. At half past four o'clock the happy pair left for Dover, *en route* for Switzerland.

BISHOP QUINTARD.

Rev. Charles Todd Quintard, Bishop Elect of Tennessee, the second son of Isaac Quintard, Esq., was born December 22, 1824; was educated in the city of New York; became a student in the office of the late Dr. Valentine Mott; and graduated in medicine at the University of New York in 1846. After spending a year in Bellevue Hospital he was appointed one of the physicians to the New York City Dispensary, which position he held but a short time, when he removed to Georgia. Devoting himself to the study of his profession, and contributing largely to the medical journals of the day, he was, in 1851, called to the chair of Physiology and Pathological Anatomy in the Memphis Medical College. In 1855 he was admitted to Holy Orders by Bishop Otey, of Tennessee, with whom he had pursued his theological studies. Immediately on being admitted to the priesthood he was called to the rectorship of Calvary Church, Memphis, at that time the largest and most influential parish in the diocese. In 1858 he accepted the rectorship of the Church of the Advent, Nashville. This is a free church, and when Dr. Quintard took charge of it the number of communicants was but thirty-six. In four years it had increased to about three hundred. Dr. Quintard is the author of a "Plain Tract on Confirmation;" and also of "Preparation for Confirmation," a book of devotions for those preparing to renew their baptismal vows.

The ancestry of Quintard goes back to the history of that fatal persecution in France consequent on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in the last quarter of the seventeenth century. The Huguenot ancestors of Dr. Quintard remained for a short time in Bristol, England, and then removed to New York, where they maintained a high character both socially and politically. They were identified with the first French church in New York.

The consecration of Dr. Quintard took place at the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, held a few days ago in Philadelphia.

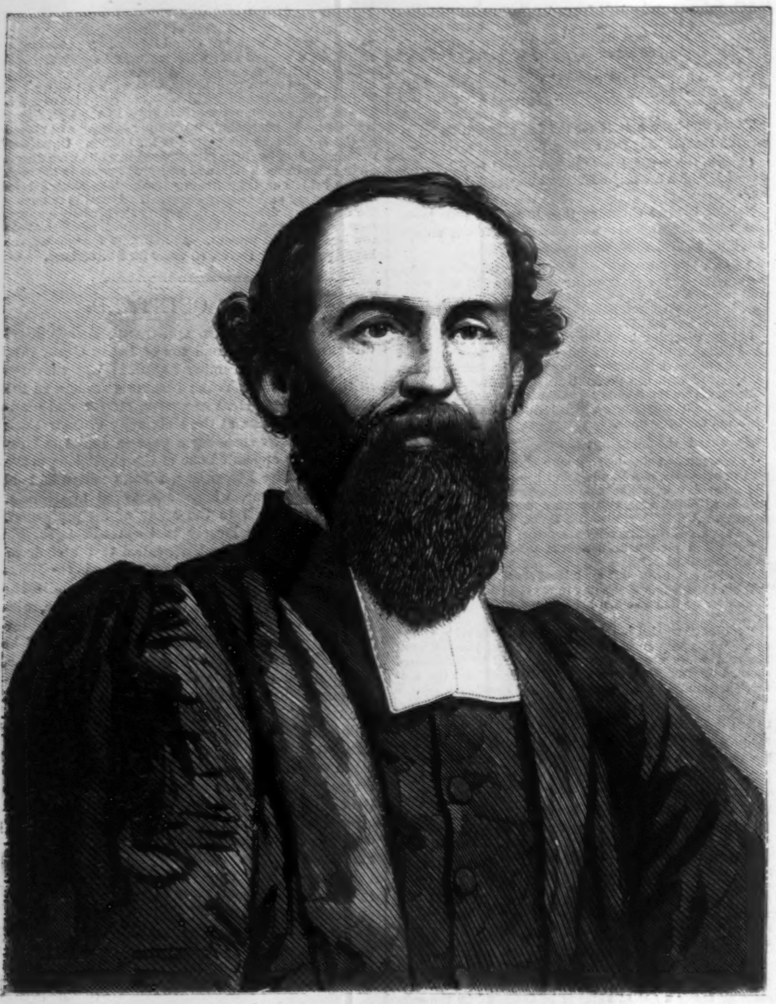
BELZORO GOLD MINE, VIRGINIA.

Much public attention has been recently drawn to the vast fields of undeveloped mineral wealth existing over a large portion of the surface of Virginia, in gold, silver, tin, copper, and almost every variety of material known to the mineralogist. If but one tithe be true of what is not only announced by recent explorers as coming under their own observation, but what is gravely asserted by scientific geologists and mineralogists respecting the mineral resources of the Old Dominion, then is she destined to receive a large amount of emigration, and to speedily become one of the most prosperous States of the Union.

Among various other mines of great importance that have come under his notice, our artist has selected for illustration the magnificent Belzoro Mine, in Goochland County, a representation of which will be found elsewhere. In the entire belt of richness known to extend, in one unbroken line, from the border of Maryland to the southwestern extremity of North Carolina, and running parallel with the Alleghanies over a distance of five hundred miles, there is perhaps no single spot more replete with mineral wealth than Belzoro—not less from what has been actually found and done upon it, than from all those inevitable signs respecting which no true mineralogist or geologist can ever be deceived.

This place, which doubtless derived its name from *Bel Oro* (fine gold), bears every proof of high antiquity, and of its character having been fully understood at some very remote period. Crucibles, in the rude shape of an acorn, and evidently used for the melting of precious metals, have frequently been discovered there, but of what age no one has yet been able to determine. In later times gold was first discovered there, by surface-washing, in 1832. It then belonged to Mr. Wm. Southworth, and gold washings continued with success up to 1849, when it was purchased by its present proprietor, Mr. George Fisher, who has been working it for the discovery of veins ever since. He has already discovered *seven* veins, varying in width from 2 feet 6 inches to 30 feet, in which the whole strata is gold-bearing. There is one hill of thirty acres, on which nearly every square foot of mere surface can pay well for washing. As much as $300 per day has been obtained from one crushing-machine only, and $100 per day frequently from six ordinary stamps. Nuggets of pure gold weighing from 4 to 7 penny-weights (dollars) have been frequently found on this property, which contains also copper, lead, and iron in abundance, several beautiful specimens of these ores having been found there. The land, which comprises some 380 acres, has a large portion in very heavy timber. It has abundant water-power, and abounds in creeks and branch flats, fifty acres of which well repay surface-washing.

Our view shows one of the many large excavations that have been made on the property, but—as usual throughout Virginia—never extending, as in other mining regions, into the main rock, where the true wealth of a mine really begins. It was near this spot that the proprietor, a few months ago, very nearly lost his life by the falling-in of a large portion of rock while he was pursuing his scientific explorations. Although severely hurt, it is a mat-



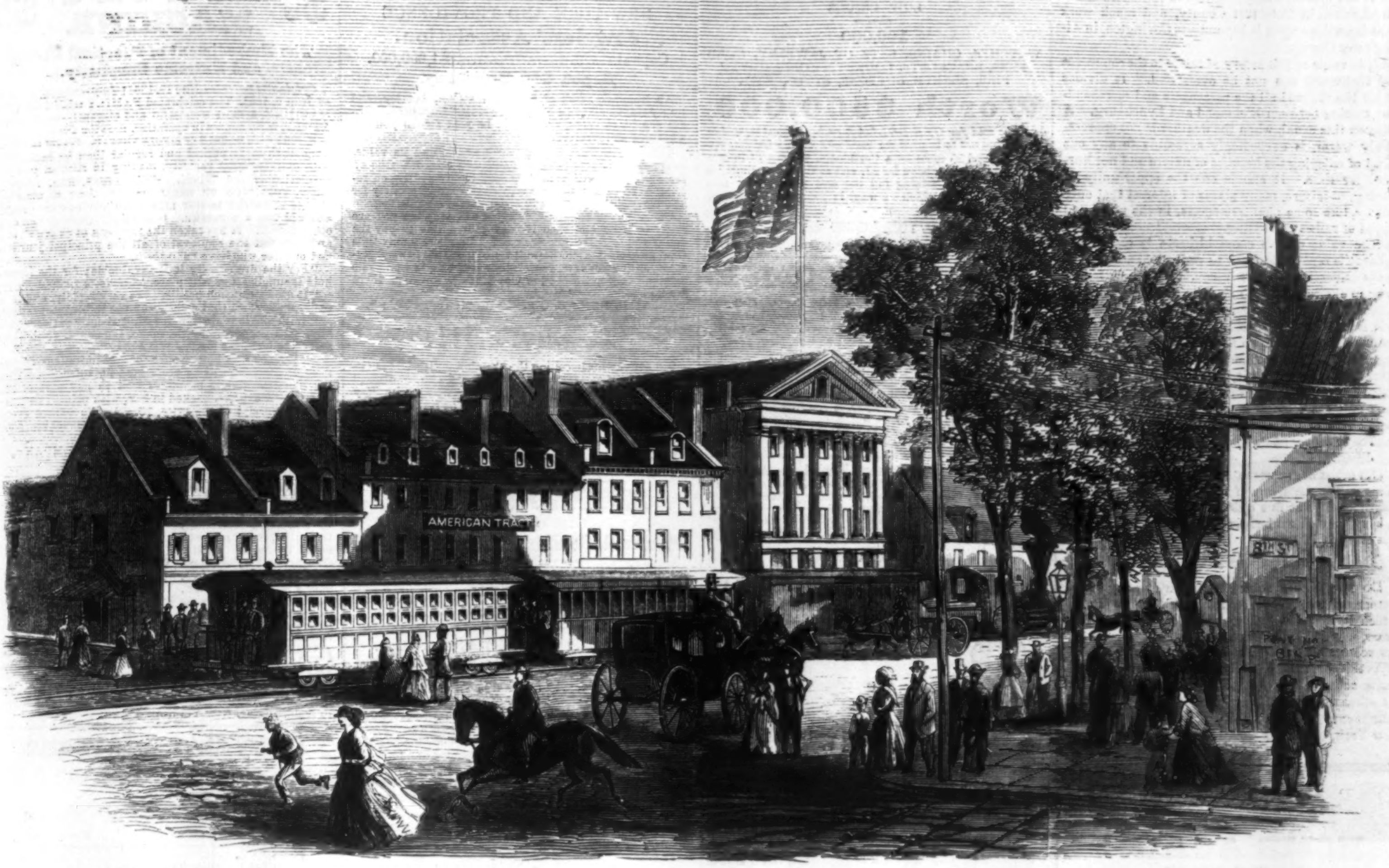
BISHOP QUINTARD OF TENNESSEE.—Photographed by Brady.—[See Page 651.]

THE LATE CAPTAIN CHARLES H. MARSHALL.—[See First Page.]

ter of public rejoicing that his estimable and valuable life was spared, for he is confessedly the most practical and experienced geologist and mineralogist in the State of Virginia, having for more than thirty years followed the footsteps of his renowned and deceased father, George Fisher, in exploring almost every square mile of its surface.

Belzoro Mine is not only rich in itself, but is surrounded by mineral wealth; the adjoining gold mines—known as the "Marks" and the "Collins"—being well known to abound in equally rich treasures, the same vein of which is evidently running through them all. The "Belzoro" and "Marks," which confront each other, and are only divided by the White Hall Road, are situated only seven miles from Columbia, on the James River Canal, the great artery for conveying the treasures of these regions to the commercial world. Few spots in the State of Virginia are more worthy of scientific investigation or the attention of capitalists.

THE BELZORO GOLD MINE, IN GOOCHLAND COUNTY, VIRGINIA.—[Sketched by J. R. Hamilton.]



THE RICHMOND, FREDERICKSBURG, AND POTOMAC RAILROAD, VIRGINIA—TRAIN STARTING OUT FROM RICHMOND.—[SKETCHED BY J. R. HAMILTON.]

THE RICHMOND AND POTOMAC RAILROAD.

ONE of the busiest and most significant scenes in the daily life of Richmond is the arrival or departure of the trains to and from Washington, at the Dépôt of the Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Potomac Railroad.

As this railroad runs mainly through many of the great battle-fields of Virginia it was necessarily left in a most ruinous condition at the completion of the war; but, owing to the great energy displayed in its repairs, it is now all but completed between Richmond and Washington, and most probably will be before these words are in print. No fewer than eleven bridges have been entirely rebuilt during the past two or three months, and over eleven miles of track relaid, besides the restorating of the wharf at Aquia Creek. The dépôts, which were nearly all destroyed, have also to be rebuilt.

There are at present three trains leaving Richmond daily—two through trains to Washington, and one accommodation train Both traffic and traveling are increasing daily to an enormous extent; and, with the inducements being daily offered to immigration, we may naturally look forward to a very large business on this road.

One good thing may be said of this railroad in these days of railway murders, and that is, that although it has been in active operation for twenty-seven years, not a single person has ever been killed or maimed upon it. This speaks well for all employed upon it, and for its Superintendent, Captain SAMUEL RUTH, who has been connected with it for nearly twenty-five years. Not only is this gentleman highly prized for his most affable manners by all the traveling public, but he has ever been a strong Unionist, and, indeed, for conscience' sake, had a taste of Libby hospitality.

THE JAMES RIVER AND KANAWHA CANAL.

THE James River and Kanawha Canal is one of the most important features in the commercial life of Richmond. This great work was the enterprise of a Company known as the James River and Kana-

THE JAMES RIVER AND KANAWHA CANAL, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—[SKETCHED BY J. R. HAMILTON.]

wha Company; but, with a trifling exception, the means it has employed have been almost altogether from the Treasury of the State. Two hundred miles of it are already completed and in full operation to Buchanan, in Botetourt County, and much work has been done upon it beyond—to Covington, in Alleghany County.

The value of this artery of traffic to the commerce of Richmond can not be overstated. It divides with the railroad all the passengers and merchandise passing between Richmond and Lynchburg. A trip on this canal, when the weather is not oppressively warm, is exceedingly agreeable to any one fond of enjoying the beauties of nature and not hurried for time. It affords one the opportunity of seeing, at leisure, many places of interest that only flit by, like some phantasmagoria, in the whirl and speed of railway traveling.

The value of this canal hitherto is nothing to what it is rapidly destined to prove when the enormous mineral wealth of Virginia (just now beginning to excite attention) shall have drawn to it the enterprise and emigration which it is destined to call into play. The gold, copper, slate, and other valuable materials to be found in Goochland, Buckingham, Fluvanna, Amherst, and other counties immediately bordering it, here find their grand outlet to the commercial world; and even the present year may see a larger amount of wealth, dug from the bowels of the earth, passing along the sleepy surface of this conduit than the most sanguine have yet dreamed of.

Our artist has represented the scene at the Packet-office on the departure of the boat which leaves on alternate days at five o'clock in the evening. It is a busy and characteristic scene, quite peculiar to the city of Richmond.

DO NOT WASTE YOUR MONEY buying any of the numerous worthless articles called GOLD PENS, which have flooded the market for the last few years, when at lower prices you can get pens which are acknowledged to be the BEST IN THE WORLD.

Avoid the shameless Upstarts, whose lack of brains compels them to attempt IMITATION, *even to the advertisement.* If you want the full value of your money, call on A. MORTON, 25 Maiden Lane, New York, or inclose stamp for circular.

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Takes great pleasure in announcing to his patients and the public generally that on and after MONDAY, October 2, he can be found at his office, No. 49 Bond Street, New York, where he is prepared to treat successfully all diseases of the scalp, loss of hair, and premature blanching. Also warts, moles, and wens effectually removed. No charge for consultation.

Envelopes and Writing-Paper.

Double extra first-class Note-Paper, $4 a ream.
White Envelopes to match, $6 a thousand.
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Sent free of carriage to any part of the U. S. on receipt of the price. Bargains to be had in all descriptions of paper and envelopes. Samples sent by mail on receipt of stamps to pay postage.
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ONE DOLLAR EACH.

The most novel and useful invention of the age. Constructed on the most approved scientific principles, and warranted to denote solar time with greater accuracy than the most expensive gold or silver repeater, while the low price at which it is sold places it within the reach of every one. It is emphatically THE timepiece for the million. Neat, cheap, and warranted perfectly accurate; can never get out of order. No one should be without it. Price, with white enameled dial in gold or silver gilt, $1. Sent by mail postpaid to any part of the world. CAUTION—This invention is the sole property of the American Manufacturing Company, and all parties are cautioned against buying or offering for sale any IMITATION, under no matter what ALTERATION OF NAME. Address AMERICAN MANUFACTURING COMPANY, West Troy, N. Y.

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DR. STRICKLAND'S PILE REMEDY has cured thousands of the worst cases of Blind and Bleeding Piles. It gives immediate relief and effects a permanent cure. Try it directly. It is warranted to cure.
For sale by all Druggists. Fifty Cents per Bottle.

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DR. STRICKLAND'S MELLIFLUOUS COUGH BALSAM is warranted to cure Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Whooping-Cough, Sore Throat, Consumption, and all affections of the Throat and Lungs.
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No smoke, no chimney. Portable; not dangerous; free from smell; and has all the advantages of gas without the expense. A great Light, all for a penny, for six hours. Send for full description. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the Lig-ro-ine Fluid and Lamp Company, 12 Gold St.

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Of Interest to all. Inclose three Red Stamps, and send for Circular, to H. S. GREER, ARTIST, 46 John Street, New York.

Adventures of Jeff Davis. A most comical book. Just out. 40 fine engravings. Only 15c., 10 for $1, sent free. Address Hunter & Bro., Hinsdale, N. H.

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Agents wanted immediately.
Send for circular.
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Worth $500,000,

To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1, and at the same time get our Circular, containing full list and particulars; also terms to Agents, which we want in every Regiment and Town in the Country.

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You can make Six Dollars from Fifty Cents. Call and examine an invention urgently needed by every body. Or a sample sent free by mail for 50c. that retails easily for $6, by R. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, New York.

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RELIEF GUARANTEED IN TEN MINUTES, and a *permanent cure* effected by the use of "UPHAM'S ASTHMA CURE." Cases of from *ten to twenty years'* standing yield at once to its influence. Price $2. Sent postpaid to any address by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia. Circulars sent free.

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RESTAURATEUR CAPILLAIRE,

The most wonderful discovery in modern science, acting upon the Beard and Hair in an almost miraculous manner. It has been used by the elite of Paris and London with the most flattering success.

Names of all purchasers will be registered, and if entire satisfaction is not given in every instance, the money will be cheerfully refunded. Price by mail, sealed and postpaid, $1 00. Descriptive circulars and testimonials mailed free. Address
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Auburn, Golden, Flaxen, and Silken Curls produced by the use of Prof. De Breux's

FRISER LE CHEVEUX.

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They make four separate and distinct stitches on one and the same machine.
They have many advantages over all others.
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For One Dollar I will send, sealed and postpaid, the "Grecian Compound," highly perfumed, which I warrant to force a heavy growth of hair upon the smoothest face in 5 weeks, or upon bald heads in 8 weeks, without stain or injury to the skin. Entire satisfaction given, or money refunded. Descriptive Circulars mailed free. Address F. L. SHULTS, P. O. Box 216, Lansingburg, N. Y.

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That received a medal and honorable mention from the Royal Commissioners at the great International Exhibition, London, 1862. Makes Puddings, Cakes, Custards, Blanc Mange, &c., without isinglass, with few or no eggs. It is also excellent for thickening sweet sauces, gravies for fish and meat, soups, &c. For ice-cream nothing can compare with it. Put up in one-pound packages, under the trade-mark "Maizena," with directions for use. A most delicious article of food for children and invalids of all ages. For sale by Grocers and Druggists every where. Wholesale Depot, 166 Fulton Street, New York.
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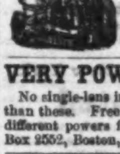

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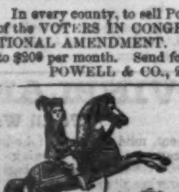

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